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6th

MICHAELMAS TERME.

AS
IT HATH BEENE
SUNDRY TIMES ACTED
BY THE CHILDREN
of PAVLES.

Thomas Middleton.

Newly corrected.



LONDON:

Printed by T. H. for R. Meighen, and are to be sold
at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in
S. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street,

1630.

THE FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN

THE HISTORY OF THE

Inductio.

Enter Michaelmas Terme in a whitish
Cloake, new come vp out of the Countrey,
a Boy bringing his Gowne
after him.

Micha:

Oye ?

Boye: Here sir !

(Gowne,

Mi: Lay by my conscience, giue mee my
That weede is for the country,
We must be ciuill now, and match our Euill,
Who first made Ciuell, blacke; he pleas'd the Deuill;
So; now know I where I am, me thinkes already
I graspe best part of the Autumnian blessing
In my contentious fadome, my hand's free,
From wronger and from wronged I haue fee,
And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw,
Is to enrich this siluer haruest, Law,
And so through wealthy variance, and fat brawle,
The Barne is made but Steward to the Hall;
Come they vp thicke inough ?

Boye: Oh like hops and harlots sir ?

Mi: Why dost thou couple them ?

Boye: Oh very aptly, for as the hop well boiled will make
a man not stand vpon his legges : so the harlot in time will
leauue a man no legs to stand vpon !

Mi: Such another and bee my heyre, I haue no Childe,

Michaelmas Terme.

Yet hate I wealth would redeeme beggery;
I thinke it be a curse both here and forraine,
Where bags are fruitfulst, there the womb's most barren,
The poore ha's all our children, we their wealth;
Shall I be prodigall when my life cooles,
Make those my heyres whom I haue beggard; Fooles?
It would be wondrouſ; rather beggar more,
Thou ſhalt haue heyres enow, thou keepſt a whore,
And here comes kindred too with no meane purſes,
Yet ſtrive to be ſtill bleſt with Clients curses.

Musicke playing. { Enter the other 3. Termes, the first bringing in a fellow poore, which the other 2. aduanceith, giuing him rich Apparel, a page, and a pandar.

Exit.

Mi. What ſubtiltie haue we here? a fellow
Shrugging for lifes kind benefits, ſhift and heate,
Crept vp in 3. Termes, wrapt in ſilke and ſiluer,
So well appointed too with Page and Pandar,
It was a happy gale that blew him hither.

1. Thou father of the Termes haile to thee.
2. May much contention ſtill keepe with thee.
3. Many new fooles come vp and fee thee.

2. Let e'm pay decree enough that ſee thee;
1. And like Asses vſe ſuch men,
When their load's off, turne e'm to graze agen.
2. And may our wiſh haue full effect,
Many a ſuite, and much neglect.
3. And as it hath beene often found,
Let the Clients cups come round.

2. Helpe your poore kinſmen when you ha got e'm,
You may drinke deepe, leau'e vs the bottom;
3. Or when there is a lambe ſalne in,
Take you the lambe, leau'e vs the ſkin.

Mi. Your dutie and regard hath moou'd vs,
Never till now we thought you lou'd vs,

Take

Michaelmas Terme.

Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt,
You shall haue suites come sixteene times about.

All. we humbly thanke the patron of our hopes. *Exeunt.*

Mi. With what a vassaile——appetite they Gnawc
On our reuersions; and are proud,
Coldly to tast our meates, which eight returnes
Serue in to. vs as courses;
One day our wrists like wilde-fowle flye abroad,
And then returne o're Cities, Townes, and Hills,
With Clyents like dried strawes betweene their bills;
And 'tis no few birds picke to build their Neasts;
Nor no small money that keepes Drabs and Feasts !

But Gentlemen, to spread my selfe open vnto you, in chea-
per Termes I salute you, for ours haue but sixpenny fees all
the yeare long, yet wee dispatch you in two houres, with-
out demur; your Suites hang not long here after Candles be
lighted: Why we call this play by such a deere and charge-
able Title, *Michaelmas Terme*? Know it consents happi-
ly to our purpose, tho perhaps faintlie to the interpretation
of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in Law to
be handled here, will be fondly deceiuied, this onely presents
those familiar accidents, which happened in Towne in the
circumference of those sixe weekes, whereof *Michaelmas*
Terme is Lord: *Sat sapienti*, I hope there's no fooles i'th
house!

*Enter at one dore Master Rerrage, meeting
Master Salewood.*

Salewood. What? Master Rerrage?

Rer. Master Salewood? Exceedingly well met in Towne,
comes your Father vp this Terme?

Sal. Why he was here three dayes before the Exchequer
gapt.

Rer. Fye, such an earlie Termer?

Sal. Hee's not to bee spoke withall, I dare not aske him

Michaelmas Terme.

blessing, till the last of Nouember.

Rer. And how looks thy little venturing Coosen ?

Sal. Faith like a Lute that has all the strings broke, no body will meddle with her.

Rer. Fye, there are Doctors enow in Towne will string her againe, and make her sound as sweete as ere shee did : is she not married yet ?

Sal. Sh:as no lucke, some may better steale a horse than others looke on. I haue knowne a virgin of fие bastards wedded, faith when all's done we must be faine to marrie her into the North I' me affrayd.

Rer. But will she passe so thinkey you ?

Sal. Puh, any thing that is warme enough is good enough for them; so it come in the likenesse, tho the Deuill be in't, the ile venture the firing.

Rer. They're worthy spirits yfaith, heard you the Newes ?

Sal. Not yet.

Rer. Miltris *Difficult* is fayne a widdow.

Sal. Say true, is Master *Difficult* the Lawyer dead ?

Rer. Easilie dead sir.

Sal. Pray when died he ?

Rer. What a question's that ? when should a Lawyer dye but in the vacation, hee has no leisure to dye in the Tearme-time, beside the noysse there would fetch him againe.

Sal. Knew you the nature of his disease ?

Rer. Faith some say he dyed of an old grieve he had, that the vacation was fourteene weekes long.

Sal. And very likely. I knew'twould kill him at last, t'as troubled him a long time, hee was one of those that would faine haue brought in the heresie of a fist Terme, often crying with a loud voice, oh why should wee loose Bartholmew weeke ?

Rer. He sauours, stop your Nose, no more of him.

Enter

Michaelmas Terme.

Enter master Cockstone a Gentleman meeting master
Easye of Essex.

Cock. Yong master *Easye*, let mee salute you sir, when
came you?

Easye. I haue but Inn'd my horse since, master *Cockstone*.

Cock. You seldome visit London master *Easye*,
But now your Fathers dead tis your onely course,
Here's gallants of all sizes, of alllasts,
Here you may fit your foote, make choyse of those
Whom your affection may reioyce in:

Easye. You haue easily possest me, I am free,
Let those liue hindes that know not libertie.

Cock. Master *Rerrage*?

Eas. Good master *Salewood*, I am proud of your society.

Rer. What gentleman might that be?

Cock. One master *Easye*, h'as good land in *Essex*,
a faire free-brested Gentleman, somewhat too open,
bad in man, worse in woman,
the Gentry fault at first, he is yet fresh
and wants the Citie powdring, but what newes?
I'lt yet a matchtwixt master *Quomodo* does the rich Drapers
daughter and your selfe?

Rer. Faith sir, I am vildly riuald!

Cock. Vildly? by whom.

Rer. One *Andrew Lethe* crept to a little warmth, and
now so proud that he forgets all stormes, one that nere wore
apparell, but like ditches 'twas cast before hee had it, now
shines bright in rich embroiderries, him master *Quomodo* af-
fects, the daughter him, the mother onely mee, i rest most
doubtfull, my side being weakest.

Cock. Yet the mothers side
being sure, than the Fathers, it may proue,
"men please for money best, women for loue."

Rer.

Michaelmas Term.

Rer. Slid master *Quomodo*?

Cock. How then? afraid of a woollen draper?

Rer. He warn'd mee his house, and I hate hee should see
me abroad!

*Quomodo with his two spirits, Shortyard
and Falselight.*

Quo. Oh my 2.spirits *Shortyard* and *Falselight*, yowhat
haue so enricht me, I haue industrie for you both?

Sho. Then doe you please vs best sir.

Quo. Wealthy employmēt.

Sho. You make me itch sir.

Quo. You *Falselight* as I haue directed you.

Fals. I am nimlbe.

Quo. Goe, make my course commodities looke sleeke,
with subtile art beguile the honest eye, be neere to my trap-
window, cunning *Falselight*.

Fals. I neuer failde it yet.

Exit Fals.

Quo. I know thou didst not;
But now to thee my true and secret *Shortyard*,
Whom I dare trust ee'n with my wife,
Thou nere didst mistris harme, but master, good,
There are too few of thy name Gentlemen,
And that we feele, but Citizens abundance,
I haue a taske for thee my pregnant spirit,
To exercise thy pointed wits vpon.

Sho. Giue it me, for I thirst.

Quo. Thine eare shall drinke it,
Know then I haue not spent this long Vacation
Onely for pleasures sake, give me the man
Who out of recreation culs aduantage,
Dives into seasons, neuer walkes, but thinkes,
Ne tides, but plots, my iourney wastoward *Essex*.

Sho.

Michaelmas Term.

Sho: Most true?

Quo: Where I haue seene what I desire.

Sho: A woman?

Quo: Puh; a woman, yet beneath her, that which shee
often treads on, yet commands her: land, fayre neate
Land.

Sho: What is the marke you shoot at?

Quo: Why the fayrest to cleave the haire in twaine, I
meane his Title, to murder his estate, stifle his
right in some detested prison, there are
means and waies enow to hooke in Gentry, be-
sides our deadly enmity which thus stands;
they're busye 'bout our wiues, We 'bout their
Lands.

Sho: Your reuenge is more glorious,
To be a cuckold is but for one life,
When land remaines to you, your heire, or wife!

Quo: Ah sirrah, doe we stinge'm, this fresh gallant rode
newly vp before me!

Sho: I beseech his name.

Quo: Yong master *Easye*.

Sho: *Easye*? It may fall right.

Quo: I haue enquir'd his haunt, stay, ha, I that, 'tis, that's
he, that's he!

Sho: Happily!

Quo: Obserue, take surely note of him, hee's fresh and free,
shift thy selfe speedily into the shape of gallan-
trye, Ile swell thy purse with angels, keepe foote
by foote with him, out-dare his expences, flat-
ter, dice, and brothell to him, giue him a sweete
taft of Sensuality, traine him to every wastfull sin,
that he may quickly neede health, but especially
money, rauish him with a dame or two, bee his
bawde for once, Ile bee thine for euer, drinke
drunke with him, creepe into bed to him, kisse
him and vndoe him, my sweete spirit.

Michaelmas Terme.

Sho. Let your care dwell in me, soone shall it shine,
What subtilitie is in man, that is not mine? (Exit.)

Quo. O my most cheerefull spirit, goe, dispatch,
Gentry is the chiefe fish we Tradesmen catch. (Exit.)

Easye. What's here?

Sale. Oh, they are bils for Chambers.

Eas. Against Saint *Andremes*, at a Painters house, there's
a faire chamber ready furnisht to be let, the house
not onely endewed with a new fashion forepart, but
which is more conuenient for a Gentleman, with a
very prouident backe-doore.

Sal. Why here's vertue still; I like that thing that's necessary,
as well as pleasant.

Cock. What newes in yonder paper.

Rerra. Ha? seeke you for newes, there's for you!

Sale. Who's this? in the name of the blacke Angels, *Andro Gruill.*

Rer. No, *Andro Lethe!*

Sale. Lethe?

Rer. Has forgot his fathers name, poore *Walter Gruill* that
begot him, fed him, and brought him vp.

Sale. Not hither.

Rer. No, 'twas from his thoughts hee brought him vp
below.

Sale. But do's he passe for *Lethe*.

Rer. Mongst strange eyes,
that no more know him, then hee knowes himselfe,
thats nothing now, for master *Andro Lethe*,
a gentleman of most receiued parts, forgetfullnesse,
Lust, Impudence, and Falshood, and one especiall
Courtly quality, to wit, no wit at all, I am his
Riuall for *Quomodoes* daughter, but hee knowes it
not.

Sale. Has spyed vs ore his paper.

Rer. Oh that's a warning to make our duties ready.

Cock. Salute him? hang him,

Rer.

Michaelmas Terme.

Rer. Puh, wish his health a while, hee'le be laid shortly,
let him gorge Venison for a time, our doctors will bring him
to dry mutton; seeme respectiue to make his pride swell like
a Toade with dew.

Sale. Master Lethe !

Rer. Sweet master Lethe !

Lethe. Gentlemen your pardon, I remember you not.

Sale. Why we supt with you last night sir !

Lethe. Oh cry you mercy, 'tis so long agoe,
I had quite forgot you, I must be forgiuen,
Acquaintance, deere societie, suites and things
Doe so flow to me; that had I not the better memorie,
Twould be a wonder I should know my selfe,
Esteeme is made of such a dizzy mettall;
I haue receiu'd of many gifts ore night,
Whom I haue forgot ere morning, meeting the men,
I wiskt em to remember me agen,
They doe so: then if I forget agen,
I know what helpt before, that will helpe then,
This is my course, for memory I haue beene told
Twenty preserues, the best I finde is gold;
Ey truely ! are you not Knights yet Gentlemen.

Sale. Not yet !

Lethe. No, that must bee lookt into, 'tis your owne faule,
I haue some store of Venison, where shall we deuoure it
Gentlemen? Sale. The horne were a fit place.

Lethe. For Venison, fit,
The horne hauing chac't it,
At the horne weelee — Rime to that. —

Cock. Tast it. Sale. Wast it. Rer. Cast it.

Lethe. That's the truer time indeed, wee hunt our Venison
twice I tell you, first out a'th parke, next out a'th Bellie.

Cock. First dogs take paines to make it fit for men,
Then men take paines to make it fit for dogs.

Lethe. Right.

Cock. Why this kindnesse, a kind Gallant you,

Michaelmas Terme.

And loue to giue the dogs more than their due,
We shall attend you sir,

Leth: I pray doe so.

Sale: The horne.

Leth: Easly remembred that you know !

Exeunt.

But now unto my present busines, the Daughter yeildes, and Quomodo consents, onely my mistris Quomodo, her mother without regard runs full against mee, and sticks hard ! Is there no law for a woman that will run upon a man at her owne apperill. Why should not shee consent, knowing my state, my sudaine fortunes, I can command a custard, and other bakemeats, death of Surgeon, I could keepe houfe with nothing, what friends haue I then well am I beloued, ee'n quite throughout the scullery: not consent ? tis ee'n as I haue writ, Ile be hangd, and see loue mee not her selfe, & would rather preserue me, as a priuate friend to her own pleasures, than any way aduance her daughter upon me to beguile her selfe, then how haue I reliued her in that poynct, let me peruse this letter: Good mistris Quomodo, or rather as I hope ere the Terme end, mother Quomodo, since onely your consent keeps a loofe off and bindes the copulation of your daughter, what may I thinke, but that it is a meere affection in you, doating vpon some small inferiour vertue of mine, to draw me in vpon your self; if the case stand so, I haue comfort for you: for this you may well assure your selfe, that by the mariage of your daughter I haue the better meanes and opportunity to your selfe, and without the least suspition. This is meouing stiffe, and that workes best wi: a Citzens wife, but who shall I get to conuey this now: my Page I ha lent forth, my Pandar I haue imployd about the country, to looke out some third sister, or entice some discontented Gentlewoman from her husband, whom the laying out of my appetite shall maintaine, nay Ile deale like an honourable Gentleman, Ile bee kinde to women, that whiche I gather i'th day, Ile put into their purses at night, you shall haue no cause to raile at mee, no faith, Ile keepe you in good fashion Ladys, no meaner men then knights shall ransom home your gownes, and recover your smocks, Ile not dallye with you ! — some poore widow woman would come as a necessary band now: and see where fitly comes — my mother ! curse of powerty,

Michaelmas Terme.

poerty, do's shee come vp to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast
style upon my new Suite, let her passe me, Ile take no notice of her,
Scuruе — murrey — Carsey !

Moth: By your leue and like your worship.

Leth: Then I must proudly venture it ; to mee good wo-
Moth: I beseech one word with your worship. (mee.

Leth: Preth be breife then.

Moth: Pray can your worship tell me any tydinge of one
Andro Gruill, a poore sonne of mine owne.

Leth: I know a gallant Gentleman of the name, one
master *Andro Gruill* and well receiude amongst Ladyes.

Moth: Thats not he then !

Hee is no Gentleman that I meane.

Leth: Good woman if he be a *Gruill*, hee's a Gentleman
i'th mornings:thats a Gentleman a'th first, you canottel me

Moth: No truely, his father was an honest vpright Tooth-
Leth: O my teeth. (drawer.

Moth: An't please your worship, I haue made a sore iour-
ney out, all this vacant time, to come vp and see my sonne
Andro, poore *Walter Gruill* his Father has layd his life, and
left mee a lone woman, I haue not one husband in all the
world, therefore my comming vp is for relieve an't like your
worship, hoping that my sonne *Andro* is in some place about
the Kitchin.

Leth: Kitchin, puh, sah.

Moth: Or a seruinc man to some Knight of worship.

Leth: Oh let mee not indure her ! Know you not mee
good woman ?

Moth: Alasse, an't please your worship, I never sawe such
a glorious suite since the hower I was kersend.

Leth: Good, shee knowes me not, my glory do's disquire
Beside my poorer name being drencht in *Leth*, (mee,
Sheele hardly vnderstand me: what a fresh ayre can doo !.

I may employ her as a priuate drudge,
To passe my letters and secure my lust,
And nere be noted mine, to shame by blood.

Michaelmas Terme.

And drop my stayning birth vpon my raiment, faith good woman you will hardly get to the speech of master *Andro*, I tell you. *Mo.* No?

Marry hang him, and like your Worship, I haue known the day when no body carde to speake with him!

Leth. You must take heed how you speake ill of him I can tell you now; hee's so employde.

Mo. Imployde for what?

Leth. For his behauour, wisedome, and other vertues.

Mo. He vertues? no tis well knowne, his father was too poore a man to bring him vp to any vertues; hee can scarce write and reade.

Leth. Hee's the better regarded for that amongst Courtiers, for that's but a needy quality!

Mo. If it be so, then hee'll be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

Leth. Well good woman, or mother, or what you will.

Mo. Alack the day, I know your worship scornes to call me mother: tis not a thing fit for your worship indeede, such a simple old woman as I am.

Leth. In pitty of thy long iourney, there's six-pence British, tend vpon me, I haue busynesse for you.

Mo. I'lle waite vpon your Worship.

Leth. Two pole off at least.

Mo. I am a cleane old woman an't like your Worship.

Leth. It goes not by cleannesse here good woman, if you were fouler, so you were brauer, you might come neerer.

Mo. Nay and that be the fashion, I hope I shall *Exit.* get it shortly, there's no woman so old but she may learne; and as an old Lady delights in a young Page or monckey, so there are young Courtiers will be hungry vpon an old woman, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Enter Lethes Pandar with a Country wench.

Pand. Come, leaue your puling and sighing. (father.)

Count. Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my

Pand. Why? to thy better advancement, wouldst thou a pretty beautifull

Michaelmas Terme.

beautifull — Inycy squall line in a poore thrumbd house i' th countr
try in such seruile — habiliments, and may well passe for a Gentle-
woman i' th Cittie; do's not 5. hundred doe so thinkst thou, and with
worse faces, oh, now in these latter dayes, the Deuill raigning 'tis
an age for cloven creatures? but why sad now? yet indeed 'tis the
fashion of any Curtizan to be sea-sicke i' th first Voyage, but at
next shee proclaines open wars, like a beaten souldier: why Nor-
thampton-shire Lasse do'st dreame of virginity now? rensember a
loose-bodied Gowne wench, and let it goe; wires and tyres, bents and
bums, felts and falls, thou that shalte deceiue the world that Gentle-
women indeed shall not be knowne from others; I haue a master
to whom I must prefer thee after the aforesaid decking. Lethe
bynname, a man of one most admired property, he can both loue thee
and for thy better advancement be thy Pandar himselfe, an ex'lent
sparke of humility.

Count. Well heauen forgiue you, you traine me vp too't.

Pand. Why I doe acknowledge it, and I thinke I doe you
a pleasure in't.

Count. And if I shoulde proue a harlot now, I shoulde bee
bound to curse you. (ynough.

Pand. Bound? nay and you proue a harlot, youle be loose

Count. If I had not a desire to goe like a gentlewoman, you
should be hangd ere you shoulde get me too't I warrant you.

Pand. Nay that's certain, nor a 1000. more of you, I know,
you are all chast ynough, till one thing or other tempt you!
deny a Sattin gowne and you dare now?

Count. You know I haue no power to doo't, and that
makes you so wilfull: for what woman is there such a beast
that will deny any thing that is good?

Pand. True they will not, most dissembler.

Count. No, and shee beare a braue minde shee will not I
warrant you.

Pand. Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all,
Women nere rise, but when they fall,
Let a man breake, hee's gone, blowne vp,
A womans breaking lets her vp,
Virginitie is no Cittie — Trade,
You're out a'th Freedome, when you're a mayde,

Michaelmas Terme.

Downe with the lattis tis but thin,
Let courser beauties worke within:
Whom the light mocks, thou art faire fresh,
The guilded flies, will light vpon thy flesh.

Count: Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you haue wun.

Pan: How easily soft women are vndone:
So farewell holesome weeds where treasure pants,
And welcome silkes, where lyes disease and wants:
Come wench, now flow thy Fortunes into blesse thee,
I'le bring thee wherethou shalt be taught to dress thee!

Count: Oh as soone as may be, I am in a swoone till I be a
gentlewoman, and you know what flesh is mans meate, till
it be dreſt.

Pan: Most certaine, no more a woman.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Rerrage, Salewood, Lethe, Easye*, with *Shortyard*
alias *Blastfield*, at dice.

Rer: Gentlemen I ha sworne Ile change the roome: dice?

Letb: You see I'me patient gentlemen. (Deuils.

Sale: I, the feinds in't, you're patient, you put vp all.

Rer: Come set me gentlemen!

Sho: An *Essex* gentleman sir? *Eas.* An vnsfortunate one sir.

Sho: I'me bold to salute you sir! you know not master *Al-*

Eas: Oh entirely well. (Sup there:

Sho: Indeed sir. *Eas.* Hees second to my bosome.

Sho: Ile give you that comfort then sir, you must not want
money as long as you are in towne sir.

Eas: No sir?

Sho: I am bound in my loue to him to see you furnisht, and
in that comfort I recouer my salute agen sir.

Eas: Then I desire to be more deere vnto you.

Sho: I rather study to be deare vnto you—boy, fill some
wine.—I knew not what faire impressier I receiuued, at first;
but I began to affect your societie very speedily.

Eas: I count my selfe the happier.

Sho: To master *Al/* sup sir, to whose remembrance, I could
loue to drinke till I were past remembrance.

Eas:

Michaelmas Tearme.

Eas. I shall keepe Christmasse with him sir, where your health shal likewise vndoubtedly be remembred, and thereupon I pledge you: — I would sue for your name sir.

Sho. Your suite shall end in one Tearme sir: my name is Blastfield.

Eas. Kind master Blastfield, your deerer acquaintance.

Rer. Nay come, will ye draw in Gentlemen? set me:

Eas. Faith I'me scatterd.

Sho. Sir, you shall not giue out so meanely of your selfe in my companie for Million: make Such priuie to your disgrace? you'r a Gentleman offaire fortunes; keepe me your reputation; set'em all, there's crownes for you.

Eas. Sir you binde me infinitely in these courtesies.

Sho. You must alwayes haue a care of your Reputation here in Town master Easic, altho you ride downe with nothing, it skils not.

Eas. I'me glad you tell me that yet, then I'me indifferent, well, come: who throwes? I set all these.

Sho. Why, well said.

Sal. This same master Lethe here begins to vndo vs agen.

Leth. Ah sir, I came not hither but to win.

Sho. And then you'le leaue vs, that's your fashion.

Leth. Hee's base that visits not his friends:

Sho. But hee's more base that carries out his winnings.

None will doe so but those haue base beginnings.

Leth. It is a thing in vse and euer was,
I passe this time.

Sho. I wonder you should passe.

And that you're sufferd.

Leth. Tut, the Dice are ours,
Then wonder not at those that haue most powrs.

Rer. The Diuell and his Angels.

Leth. Are these they?

Welcome deere Angels, where y'are curst neré stay.

Sal. Heere's lucke.

Eas. Lets search him Gentlemen, I think he wears a smock:

Sho. I knew the time, he wore not halfe a shirt, just like a

Eas. No, how did he for the Rest? — (Pee:

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Sho. Faith he compounded with a couple of Napkins at Barnet, and so truss'd vp the lower parts.

Eas. Twas a prettie shifte yfaith.

Sho. But master Lethe ha's forgot that too.

Eas. A mischiefe on't to loose all : I could —

Sho. Nay but good Ma. Easie, do not do your self that tirannie I beseech you, I must not ha you alter your body now for the Purge of a little money : you vndoe me and you doe.

Eas. Twas all I brought vp with me, I protest master Blastfield, all my rent till next quarter.

Sho. Pox of money, talke not on't I beseech you what said I to you? Massie I am out of cash my selfe too, — Boy.

Boy. A non sir:

Sho. Run presently to master Gum the Mercer, and wil him to tell out two or three hundred pound for mee, or more according as he is furnisht : Ile visit him ith morning say.

Boy. It shall be said sir.

Sho. Doe you heare boy?

Boy. Yes sir.

Sho. If master Gum be not sufficiently readie, call vpon master Profit the Goldsmith.

Boy. It shall be done sir. *Sho.* Boy.

Boy. I know I was not sent yet : now is the time:

Sho. Let them both rest till another occasion: you shall not need to run so farre at this time, take one nier hand, go to Ma. Quomodo the Draper, and will him to furnish me instantly.

Boy. Now I goe sir.

Eas. It seemes y'are wel knowne master Blastfield, & your credit verie spacious hereith Citie.

Sho. Master Easie, let a man beare himselfe portly, the whorsons will creepe to him a'th their bellies, and their wiues a'th their backs : thers a kinde of bolde grace expected throughout all the parts of a Gentleman: then for your obseruances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha done: sometimes I carry my water all London ouer, onely to deliuer it proudly at the Standard, and do I passe altogether vnnoted thinke you ? No, a man can no sooner peep out his head, but ther's a bow bent at him out of

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some watch tower, or other.

Eas. So readily sir.

Sho. Push, you know a bowe's quickly ready, tho a Gun be long a charging, and will shooe fve times to his once,— Come, you shall beare your selfe Iouially: take heede of setting your lookes to your losses, but rather smile vpon your ill lucke, and inuite 'em to morrow to another breakefast of Bones.

Eas. Nay ile forsware dicing.

Sho. What? peace, I am ashamed to heare you: will you cease in the first losse? shew me one Gentleman that ere did it: Fie vpon't I must vse you to companie I perceiue, youde be spoild else: forsware Dice? I would your friends heard you yfaith.

Eas. Nay I was but in iest sir.

Sho. I hope so, what would Gentlemen say of you? there goes a Gull that keepes his money, I would not haue such a report goe on you, for the World, as long as you are in my companie. Why man, fortune alters in a Minute, I ha known those haue recovered so much in an houre, their purses were neuer sicke after.

Rer. Oh worse then consumption of the Liuer! consumption of the patrimonie.

Sho. How now? marke their humours master Easie.

Rer. Forgiue me, my posteritic, yet vngotten.

Sho. Thats a penitent Maudlen Dicer.

Rer. Few know the sweets that the plaine life allowes.
Vilde sonne that sursets of his fathers browes.

Sho. Laugh at him master Easie.

Eas. Ha, ha ha.

Sal. Ile be damn'd and these bee not the bones of some queane that couzened me in her life, and now consumes me after her death.

Sho. Thats the true wicked-blasphemous, and soul-shuder Dicer, that will curse you all seruice time, and attribute his ill lucke alwayes to one Drab or other.

Leth. Dick Hell-gill: the hapy Newes.

Hel. I haue her for you sir.

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Leth. Peace, what is she? "

Helg. Young, beautifull and plump--a delicate pecece of sin.

Leth. Of what parentage?

Helg. Oh a Gentlewoman of a good house.

Leth. Fie, fie.

Helg. Shee newly came out of a Barne; yet too good for a
Tooth-drawers sonne.

Leth. Is she wife or maide?

Helg. That which is daintiest, Maide

Leth. Ide rather shee'd beene a wife.

Helg. A wife sir, why?

Leth. Oh Adulterie is a great deale sweeter in my minde;

Helg. Diseases gnaw thy bones.

I thinke she has deserud to be a wife sir.

Leth. That will moue well.

Helg. Her firstlings shall be mine.

Swine looke but for the huskes, the meate be thine.

Sho. How now Boy?

Boy. Master *Quomodo* takes your worships greeting exceeding kindly, and in his commendations returnes this answere, that your worship shall not be so apt to receiue it, as hee willing to lend it.

Sho. Why, we thanke him yfaith.

Eas. Troth, and you haue reason to thanke him sir, t'was a verie friendly answer.

Sho. Push, a Gentleman that keeps his dayes even here ith
City (as I my selfe watch to doe) shall haue many of those
answers in a tweluemonth, master Easie.

Eas. I promise you sir I admire your carriage, and begin
to hold a more reverend respect of you.

Sho. Not so I beseech you, I giue my friends leaue to bee
inward with me, —— will you walke Gentlemen?

Leth. We're for you.

Present her with this Iewell, my first token.

Enter a Drawers

Draw. There are certaine Country-men without enquiring
for master Rerage, and master Salewood:

Rer. Tenants

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Rer. Tennants !

Salem. Thou reuiu'st vs Rascall.

Rer. When's our next meeting Gentlemen ?

Shor. To morrow night,

This Gentleman, by me invites you all,

Doe you not Master Ease ?

Ease. Freely sir.

Salem. We doe imbrace your loue——a pure fresh Gull,

Short. Thus make you men at parting duetifull,

And rest beholding to you, tis the slight

To be remembred, when you're out of sight.

Ease. A prettie vertue.

Exeunt.

Enter the Countrie-Wenches Father, that was entic'd for

Leth :

Father. Where shall I seeke her now?—oh if she knew

The Dangers that attend on womens liues,

She would rather lodge vnder a poore thatcht Roofe

Then vnder carued feelings : she was my ioy,

And all content that I receiu'd from life,

My deere and onely Daughter :

What saies the Note she left, let me agen

With stayed greefe peruse it—Father wonder not at my
so suddaine departure, without your leaue or knowledge,
thus vnder pardon I excuse it, had you had knowledge of
it, I know you would haue sought to restraineit, and hinder
me from what I haue long desirde, being now happily pre-
ferr'd to a Gentlemans seruice in London ; about Holborne,
if you please to send, you may heare well of me—

As false as she is disobedient,

Iu'e made larger inquirie, left no place

(Where Gentrie keepes) vnsought, yet cannot heare,

Which driues me most into a shamefull feare :

Woe worth th'infected cause that makes me visit

This man-deuouring Citie—where I spent

My vnshapen youth, to be my ages curse,

And surfetted away my name and state,

In swinish Riots, that now being sober,

I doe awake, a Begger,—I may hate her.

Whose

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Whose youth voides wine, his age is curst with water,
Oh heauens ! I know the price of ill, too well,
What the confusions are in whom they dwell,
And how soone Maides are to their Ruins won
One minute, and eternally vndone :
So in mine may it: may it not be thus? —
Though she be poore, her honour's precious,
May be my present forme, and her fond feare,
May chace her from me, if her eye shoulde get me,
And therefore as my loue and wants aduise,
Ile serue vntill I finde her in disguise.
Such is my care to fright her from base euils.
I leaue calme state to live amongst you, deuils.

Exit,

Lethes Mother enters with Quonodoes wife with the Letter.

Toma. Were these fit wordes thinke you to be sent to any
Citizens wife, to enjoy the Daughter, and loue the mother
too for a neede? I would foulie scorne that man, that shoulde
loue me onely for a neede I tell you: and heere the Knaue
writes agen, that by the marriage of my Daughter, a haſt the
better meanes and opportunitie to my ſelfe, hee lies in his
Throate like a villaine, he haſt no opportunitie of me, for all
that, tis for his betters to haue opportunitie of me, and that
he ſhall well know — a base proud knaue — a haſt forgot
how he came vp, and brought twoo of his countrie men to giue
their words to my husband for a ſute of greene Karsfey, a haſt forgot
all this, and how does hee appeare to me, when his
white Sattin ſutes on, but like a Magot crept out of a Nut-
ſhell, a faire bodie and a foule necke, thofe partes that are
couered of him, lookeſ indifferent well, because we cannot
ſee e'm, elſe for all his cleſing, pruning and paring, hee's not
worthy a Brokers Daughter, and ſo tell him.

Gru. I will indeede forſooth.

Toma. And as for my Childe, I hope ſheeſe be rul'd in
Time, though ſhe be foolish yet & not be carryed away with
a caſt of Manchets, a Boſtle of wine, or a Custard, and ſo
I pray certifie him. *Gru.* Ile doe your errant effectually.

Toma. Art thou his Aunt — or his —

Gru. Alaffe — I am a poore drudge of his.

Toma. Faith

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Toma. Faith and thou wert his Mother, hee would make thee his drudge I warrant him.

Gri. Marrie out vpon him, sir reverencē of y our mistris.

Tom. Heer's somewhat for thy paines, fare thee well, ship

Gri. Tis more then he gaue me since I came to him.

Enter *Quomodo* and his Daughter *Su.*

Quo. How now, what prating haue we heare? whispers, dumshowes? why Tomazin, goe too—my shop is not altogether so darke as some of my neighbours, where a man may be made Cuckold at one ende, while hee's measuring with his yard at tother.

Toma. Onely commendations sent from Master Lethe your worshipfull Sonne in law that should be.

Quo. Oh, and that you like not, he that can make vs rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suites, bring vs into all the romes a fundaies, from the leads to the seller, pop vs in with Venison till we cracke agen, & send home the rest in an honorable Napkin—this man you like not forsooth? (king

Su. But I like him fater. *Qu.* My blessing go with thy li-

Su. A number of our Citizens hold our credit by't to come home drunk, and say we ha beene at Court: then how much more creditiſt to be drunke there indeede?

Quom. Tut, thy Mothersa foole—pray whats Master Rerage whom you pleade for so?

Toma. Why, first he is a Gentleman.

Quo. I, hee's often first a Gentleman that's last a begger.

Su. My father tels you true, what should I do with a gentle man, I know not which way to lye with him, (tlem'en dayly.

Quo. Tis true too—thou knowſt beside, we vndoe Gen-

Toma. That makes ſo few of e'm marrie with our Daughters, vales it be one green foole or other: next, M. Rerage has land & liuing, tother but his walke i'th street, and his ſnatching dyet, hee's able to entertaine you in a faire house of his owne, tother in ſome nooke or corner, or place vs behind the cloath like a company of Puppets: at his house you ſhall be ſerv'd curiouſly, ſit downe & eate your meate with leaſure, there we muſt be glad to take it ſtanding, and without either falt, cloath or trencher, and ſay we are befriended too.

Quo. Oh

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Quo. Oh, that giues a Citizen a better appetite then his Garden.

Su. So say I Father, me thinkes it does me most good whē I take it standing, I know not how all wemens minds are:

Enter Falflight.

Quo. Faith I thinke they are all of thy minde for that thing how now Falflight?

Falfl. I haue descri'd my fellow Short-yard, alias Blastfield, at hand with the Gentleman.

Quo. Oh my sweet Short-yard!— Daughter, get you vp to your Virginalls : by your leaue Mistris Quomodo.

Tom. Why I hope I may sit ith shop, may I not?

Quom. That you may, and welcome sweete hony-thye, but not at this season, there's a Buck to be strucke.

Tom. Well, since i'me so exprely forbiden, ile watch a- boue ith gallerie, but ile see your knauerie.

Exit.

Quom. Be you prepared as I tell you.

Falfl. You neare feard me:

Exit.

Quom. Oh that sweete, neat, comely, proper, delicate par- cell of land, like a fine Gentlewoman ith waste : not so great as prettie, prettie : the Trees in Summer whistling, the sil- uer waters by the Bankes harmoniously gliding, I should haue beene a Scholler, an excellent place for a student: fit for my Sonne that lately commenc'd at Cambridge, whom now I haue plac'd at Innes of Court: Thus wee that sildome get Lands honestly, must leaue our heires to inherit our knauerie: but whist, one turne about my shoppe and meeke with e'm.

Enter Master Ease, with Short-yard, alias Blastfield.

Ease. Is this it sir?

Short. I, let me see, this is it : signe of three Knaues, tis it!

Quom. Doe you heare sir, what lacke you Gentlemen? see good Kersies or broad-cloathes heere, I pray come neare — Master Blastfield?

Short. I thought you would know me anon.

Quom. You're exceeding welcome to Towne sir, your wor- ship must pardon me, tis alwaies mistieweather in our shop heere: we are a Nation the Sunne neare shines vpon, — Came this

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this Gentleman with you ?

Short: O salute him fairely, hee's a kinde Gentleman, a verie inward of mine.

Quo: Then I crye you mercy sir, y'are especially welcome.

Eas. I returne you thankes sir.

Quo: But how shall I doe for you now Master Blastfield :

Short: Why whats the matter ?

Quo. It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

Short: How master *Quomodo*, pray say not so, I'ud you vndoe me then.

Quo. Vpon my Religion Master Blastfield, bonds lye forfeite in my hands, I expect the receite of a thousand every houre, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.

Short: That's strange me thinkes.

Quo: Tis mine owne pittie that plots against mee Master Blastfield, they know I haue no conscience to take forfeiture, and that makes e'm so bould with my mercie.

Eas. I am sorry for this.

Quo: Neuerthelesse, if I might intreate your delay b't the age of three daies to expresse my sorrow now, I would double the summe, and supply you with fourc or fife hundred.

Short: Let me see —— three daies.

Quo: I good sir, and it may be possible.

Eas: Doe you heare Master Blastfield,

Short: Ha?

Eas: You know iue alreadie enuited all the Gallants to sup with me to night.

Short: That's true yfaith.

Eas. Twill be my euerlasting shame, if I haue no mony to maintaine my beaucie.

Short: I ne're thought vpon that —— I loockt still when that should come from him, wee haue stricktly examined our expences, it must not be three daies Master *Quomodo*.

Quo: No, then i'me afraid twill be my griefe sir.

Eas. Master Blastfield, ile tell you what you may doe now.

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Sho. What good sweete bedfellow,

Eas. Send to Master Goome, or Master Profit, the Mercer and Goldsmith.

Sho. Masse that was well remembred of thee — I per-
ceiue the Trout will bee a little troublesome ere hee bee
catcht, — *Boy.* Here sir.

Sho. Runne to Master Goome, or Master Profit, and car-
rie my present occasion of money to em.

Boy. I runne sir.

Quo. Me thinks Master Blastfield, you might easily at-
taine to the satisfaction of 3. daies, heer's a Gentleman your
friend I dare say will see you sufficiently possest till then.

Eas. Not I sir, by no meanes : master Blastfield knowes
I me further in want then himselfe, my hope rests all vpon
him, it stands vpon the losse of my credit to Night, if I walke
without money.

Sho. Why master Quomodo, what a fruitlesse Motion
haue you put forth, you might well assure your selfe this gen-
tleman had it not if I wanted it : why our purses are brothers
we desire but equall fortunes : in a word, w'are man and wife,
they can but lie together, and so doe we.

Eas. As nere as can be yfaith.

Sho. And to say truth, tis more for the continuing of this
Gentlemans credit in Town, then any incitemeint from mine
owne want only, that I couet to be so immediatly furnisht-
you shall heare him confesse as much himselfe.

Eas. Tis most certaine master Quomodo.

Enter Boy.

Sho. Oh here comes the Boy now : How now Boy, what
sayes master Goome, or master Profit?

Boy. Sir, thei'r both walke foorth this frostie morning to
Brainsford, to see a Nurse-child.

Sho. A Bastard be it, spite and shame.

Eas. Nay, neuer vexe your selfe sweet master Blastfield.

Sho. Bewitcht I thinke!

Quo. Doe you heare sir? you can perswade with him,

Eas. A little sir.

Quo. Rather then he should be altogether destitute, or be
too

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to much a vexation to himselfe, he shall take vp a commoditie of cloath of me, tell him.

Eas. Why la! by my troth 'twas kindly spoken.

Que. Two hundred pounds worth, vpon my Religion, say.

Sho. So disastrously.

Eas. Nay, master Blastfield, you doe not heare what master Quomodo said since, like an honest true Citizen yfaith: rather then you shoulde grow diseasde vpon't, you shall take vp a commoditie of two hundred pounds worth of cloath?

Sho. The mealie Moth consume it, would hee ha'me turne Pedler now? what should I doe with cloath?

Quo. Hee's a verie wilfull Gentleman at this Time yfaith: hee knowes as well what to doe with it, as I my selfe Iwist: ther's no Merchant in Towne but will be greedy vpon't, and pay downe mony vpo' th naile, the'l dispatch it ouer to Middle-borrow presently, and raise double commoditie by exchange, if not, you know tis Tearnie-time, and Michaelmas Tearnie too, the Drapers haruest, for footcloaths, riding sutes, walking suits, chamber gownes, and hall gownes.

Eas. Nay, Ile say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

Quo. Nay take me with you agen ere you go sir, I offer him no trash tell him, but present mony, say, where I know some Gentlemen in towne ha' beene glad, and are glad at this time, to take vp commodities in Hawks hoods, & browne paper.

Eas. Oh horrible, are there such fooles in towne?

Quo. I offer him no trash tell him, vpon my Religion you may say, — Now my sweet Shortyard — now the hungry fish beginsto nibble: one end of the worme is in his mouth yfaith.

Toma. Why stand I here (as late our gracielesse Dames That found no eyes) to see that Gentleman Aliue, in state and credit executed, Helpe to rip up himselfe, do's all he can, Why am I wife to him that is no man? I suffer in that Gentlemans confusion.

Easie. Nay be perswaded in that master Blastfield, tis readie money at the Marchants: beside, the Winter season, and all falls in as pat as can be to helpe it.

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Short. Well Master Easie, none but you could haue per-
swaded me to that, come, would you would dispatch then
Master Quomodo, where's this cloath?

Quo. Full and whole within, all of this pecece of my Religi-
on Master Blastfield, feel't, nay feel't and spare not, Gentle-
men ! your fingers and your iudgement.

Short. Clothe's good.

Eas. By my troth exceeding good cloath, a good wale t'as,

Quo. Falslight.

Fal. I'me nere out 'athe shop sir.

Quo. Go, callin a Porter presently to carry away the cloath
with the Starre marke, whither will you please to haue it car-
ryed Master Blastfield ?

Short. Faith to Master Beggar-land , hee's the onely Mar-
chant now : or his Brother Maister Stilliard-downe, there's
little difference.

Quo. Y'au'e hapned vpon the money men sir, they & some
of their Brethren I can tell you, will not sticke to offer thirtie
thousand pound to be curst still, great monyed mee their
stockes lye in the Poores throates : but youle see mee suffici-
ently discharg'd Maister Blastfield ere you depart.

Short. You haue alwaies found me righteous in that.

Quo. Falslight.

Fal. Sir.

Quo. You may bring a Scriuener along with you.

Fal. Ile remember that sir.

Quo. Haue you sent for a Citizen Master Blastfield.

Short. No faith not yet — Boy !

Eas. What must you doe with a Citizen sir ?

Short. A custome they're bound to a late by the defaulfe of-
ull debtors, no Citizen must lend money without two bee
bound in the bond, the second Man enters but for custome
sake.

Eas. No, and must hee needes be a Citizen ?

Short. Byth masle stay, ile learne that, Master Quomodo !

Quo. Sir.

Short. Must the second partie that enters into bond only for
fashions sake needes be a Citizen ? what say you to this Gen-
tleman

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leman for one?

Quo. Alasse sir, you know hee's a meere stranger to me, I neither am sure of his going or abiding, he may Inne heere to Night, and ride away to morrow, (although I grant the chiefe burden lyes vpon you) yet wee are bound to make choice of those we know sir.

Short. Why hee's a Gentleman of a prettie liiving sir.

Quo. It may beso: yet vnder both your pardons I'de rather haue a Citizen.

Easie. I hope you wil not disparage meso? tis wel known I haue three hundred pound a yeaire in Essex,

Short. Well said, to him thy selfe, take him vp roundly,

Easie. And how doubtfully so ere you account of me, I doe not thinke but I might make my bond passe for a hundred pound'ith Citie.

Quo. What alone sir?

Easie. Alone sir, who saies so? perhaps ide send downe for a Tenant or too.

Quo. I, that's another case sir.

Easie. Another case let it be then.

Quo. Nay, grow not into anger sir.

Easie. Not take me into a Bond, as good as you shall good man Goose cap.

Quo. Wel Master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the Gentleman, i'me content for once, but wee must not make a practise on't.

Easie. No sir, now you would you shall not.

Quo. Cuds me, i'me vndone, hee's gone agen.

Short. The Netts broke.

Toma. Hold there deere Gentleman.

Easie. Deny me that small curtizie? s'foot a very Iew will not deny it me.

Short. Now must I catch him warily.

Easie. A iest indeed, not take me into a Bond quo they.

Short. Master Easie—— Marke my words, if it shoud not vpon the eternall losse of thy credit against Supper——

Easie. Malle that's true.

Short. The pawning of thy horse for his owne Vittailes.

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Eas. Right yfaith.

Sho. And thy vtter dissolution amongst Gentlemen for
ever.

Eas. Pox on't.

Sho. Quomodo shall hang, rot, stinke,

Quo. Sweete boy yfaith.

Sho. Drop Dam.

Quo. Excellent Shortyard.

Eas. I forgot all this: what meant I to swagger before I had
money in my purse? how do's maister Quomodo? is the
bond readie?

Quo. Oh sir.

Enter Dustbox the Scriuener.

Eas. Come we must be friends, heer's my hand.

Quo. Give it the Scriuener: here he comes.

Dust. Good day Master Quomodo, good morrow Gen-
tlemen.

Quo. We must require a little ayde from your pen, good
master Dustbox.

Dust. What be the Gentlemens names that are bound sir?

Quo. Master Iohn Blastfield Esquire ith' wilde of Kent, and
what doethey call your bedfellowes name?

Sho. Master Richard Easie: you may easily hit on't.

Quo. Master Richard Easie of Essex Geneleman, both
bound to Ephestian Quomodo Citizen and Draper of Lon-
don: the summe two hundred pound. What Time doe you
take master Blastfield for the payment?

Sho. I never passe my Month you know.

Quo. I know it sir.

October sixteenth to day, sixteenth of Nouember say:

Eas. Is it your custome to returne so soone sir?

Sho. I never misse you.

Enter Falsight like a Porter, sweating:

Fals. I am come for the rest of the same price master Quo-
modo.

Quo. Star-marke, this is it, are all the rest gone?

Fals. Their all at Master Stilyard-downes by this time.

Eas. How

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Eas. How the poore raskall's all in a froth?

Sho. Push, thei'r ordaind to sweat for Gentlemen,
Porters backes, and womens bellies beare vp the world.

Eas. Tis true yfaith, they beare men and money, and that's
the world.

Sho. Ye'au found it sir.

Dus. I'me readie to your hands Gentlemen.

Sho. Come Master *Easie*.

Eas. I beseech you sir.

Sho. It shall be yours I say.

Eas. Nay pray master Blastfield.

Sho. I will not yfaith.

Eas. What doe you meane sir?

Sho. I should shew little bringing vp, to take the way of a
stranger.

Fals. By my troth you doe your selfe wrong tho master
Blastfield.

Sho. Let it be so I pray:

Eas. But to auoide strife, you shall haue your will of me for
once.

Sho. Let it be so I pray.

Quo. Now I begin to set one foote vpon the land, mee
thinkes I am felling of Trees alreadie, wee shall haue some
Essex Loggs yet to keepe Christmase with, and that's a
comfort.

Toma. Now is he quartring out, the Executioner
Strides ouer him: with his owne blood he writes.

I am no Dame that can endure such sights. *Exit.*

Sho. So his right wing is cut, will not flic farre

Past the two Citie hazards, Poultrie, and Woodstreete.

Eas. How like you my Roman hand yfaith?

Dus. Exceeding well sir, but that you rest too much vpon
your R. and make your ease too little.

Eas. Ile mend that presently.

Dus. Nay tis done now past mending: you both deliuer
this to maister Quomodo as your deede?

Sho. We doe sir.

Quo. I thankē you Gentlemen,

Sho. Would

Michaelas Tearme.

Sho. Would the Coyne would come away now? we haue
deser'd for't

Enter Falflight with the cloath.

Falfl. By your leaue a little Gentlemen.

Sho: How now? what's the matter? speake?

Falfl. As fast as I can sir.—All the cloathes come backk a-
gen.

Quo. How?

Sho: What's the newes?

Falfl. The passage to Middleborrow is stopt, and there-
fore neither Master Still yard-downe, nor Master Begger-
land, nor any other Merchant will deliuer present mony vp-
pon't.

Quo. Why what hard luck haue you Gentlemen?

Eaf. Why Master Blaifield?

Sho. Pish—

Eaf. You'r so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell
how to speake to you?

Sho. Why what would you say?

Eaf. Wee must make some what on't now sir.

Sho. I where? how? the best is it lyes all vpon my necke,
Master Quomodo, can you help me to any money for't? speak.

Quo. Troth Master Blaifield, since my selfe is so vntur-
nisti, I know not the meanes how, there's one 'ith streete a
new letter vp, if any lay out money vpon't twill be he.

Sho. His name?

Quo. Master Idem— but you know we cannot giue but
greatly to your losse, because we gaine and liue by't.

Sho. Sfoo't will he giue any thing.

Eaf. I stand vpon that.

Sho. Will he giue any thing?— the Brokers will giue no-
thing? to no purpose:

Quo. Falflight.

Falfl. Ouer your head sir.

Quo. Desire Master Idem to come presently and looke
vpon't cloath.

Falfl. I will sir.

Sho. What if hee should offer but a hundred pound?

Eaf. If

Michaelmas Tearme.

Eas. If he want twentie on't lets take it.

Sho. Say you so?

Eas. Master Quomodo, he wil haue foure or five hundred pound for you of his owne within thre or four dajes.

Sho. Tis true, he said so indeede.

Eas. Is that your wife master Quomodo?

Quo. That's shee, little Tomazin?

Eas. Vnder your leue sir, ile shew my selfe a Gentleman.

Quo. Doe, and welcome Master Easie.

Eas. I haue commission for what I doe Lady from your Husband.

Toma. You may haue a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from my selfe.

Enter Sim.

Eas. You teach me the belt law Lady.

Toma. Beshrew my blood, a proper, springfull, and a sweet Gentleman.

Quo. My Sonne : Sim Quemodo? heere's more worke for you Master Easie, you must salute him too, for hee's like to be heire of thy land I can tell thee.

Sim. *Vim vitam, spemq; / aliam.*

Quo. He shewe you there he was a Cambridge man, sir, now hee's a Sempeler, ha's he not good grace to make a Lawyer?

Eas. A very good grace to make a Lawyer.

Sho. For indeed he ha's no grace at all.

Quo. Some gaue me counsell to make him a Diuine.

Eas. Eye, he.

Quo. But some of our liuerie thinke it an vnsit thing, that our owne Sonnes should tell vs of our vices : others, to make him a Physitian, but then being my heire, i'me afraide hee would make me away ; now a Lawyer ther' all willing too, because tis good for our trade and encreaseth the number of Cloath-gownes, and indeede tis the fittest, for a Citizens Sonne, for our word is, what doe yee lacke? and their word is what doe you give.

Eas. Exceeding proper.

Michaelmas Terme.

Enter Faſlight for Master Idem.

Quo. Master Idem welcome.

Faſl. I haue ſene the cloath ſir:

Quo. Verie well.

Faſl. I am but a yong ſetter vp, the vttermoſt I dare venture vpon't is three ſcore pound.

Sho. What?

Faſl. If it be for me, ſo, I am for it: if not, you haue your cloath and I haue my money.

Eaf. Nay, pray master Blastfield refufe not his kinde offer.

Sho. A bargaine then master Idem, clap hands—— hee ſinely cheateſ: come, let's all to the next Tauerne and ſee the money paide.

Eaf. A match.

Qu. I follow you Gentlemen, take my Sonne along with you.

Exeunt.

Now to my keyes: i'me Master Idem, hee muſt fetch the money, firſt haue I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound, and my two hundred poundes worth a cloath agen for three-ſcore pound: admire me all you ſtudents at Innes of couuenage.

Exit.

Finit Actus secundus.

Incipit Actus Tertius.

Enter Lethes pander, Helgill, the Countric wench comming in with a new fashion Gowne drefſ Gentlewoman like, the Taylor pointes it, and Miftris Comings a Tyrewoman busie about her head.

Helg. You talke of an alteration, heer's the thing it ſelue, what base birthe does not raiment make glorious? and what glorious birthes doe not ragges make infamous? why ſhould not a woman confeſſe what ſhe is now? ſince the finelſt are but deluding shadowes, begot betweene Tyrewomen and Taylors? for iuſtice, beholde their Parents.

Com. Say what you wil, this wire becomes you best, how ſay you Taylor?

Tayl. I promife you tis a wire would draw mee from my worke ſeven daies a weeke.

Curt. Why doe you worke a ſundaies Taylor? (bidden

Taylor. Hardeſt of all a Sundais, becauſe we are moſt for-

Curt, Troth

Michaelmas Terme.

Curt. Troth and so doe most of vs women, the better day the better deede we thinke.

Com. Excellent exceeding y faith, a narrow card wver sets out a cheeke so far and so full, and if you be rulde by me, you shall weare your haire still like a Mock-face behinde, tis such an Italian world, many men know not Before from Behinde.

Tayl. How like you the fitting of this gowne now Mistris Cowings?

Com. It sits at meruailous good Ease, and comely discretion.

Helg. Who would thinke now this fine Sophisticated squal came out of the Botome of a Barne, and the loynes of a Hay-toller.

Curt. Out you sawcie pestiferous Pander, I scorne that y faith.

Helg. Excellent, already the true phrase and stile of a strumpet, stay, a little more of the red, and then I take my leaue of your Cheeke for foure and twenty hours—— Doe you not thinke it impossible that her owne Father should know her now, if he saw her?

Curt. Why I thinke no lesse, how can he know me, when I scarce know my selfe.

Helg. Tis right.

Curt. But so well you lay waite for a man for me.

Helg. I protest I haue bestowed much labour about it, and in fit Time, good newes I hope.

Enter one bringing in her Father in disguise to serue her.

I. Iu'ef and one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reape credit.

Curt. Is that the fellow?

I. Lady it is.

Curt. Art thou willing to serue me fellow?

Fath. Soe pale you, he that ha's not the heart to serue such a Mistris as your beautifull selfe, deserves to be honoured for a foole, or Knighted for a Coward:

Michaelmas Tearme.

Curtiz. There's too many of them alreadie.

Fath. Twere sinne then to raise the number.

Curt. Well, weele trie both our likings for a month, and then either proceede, or let fall the suite.

Fath. Be it as you haue spoke, but its my hope
A longer Tearme.

Curt. No truly, our Tearme endes once a month, wee should get more then the Lawyers, for they haue but foure Tearmes a yeare, and wee haue twelue, & that makes e'm run so fast to vs in the Vacation.

Fath. A misris of a choice beautie, amongst such imperfect creatures I ha not seene a perfecter: I should haue reckoned the fortunes of my Daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a seruice, whereas now I rest doubtfull, whom or where she serues.

Curt. There's for your bodily aduice Taylor, and theres for your head-counsell, and I discharge you both till to morrow morning agen.

Tay. At which time our neatest Attendance.

Com. I pray haue an especiall care howsoeuer you stand or lye, that nothing fall vpon your haire to batter your wire.

Exeunt.

Curt. I warrant you for that — which Gowne becomes me best now, the purple Satin or this?

Help. If my opinion might rule ouer you —

Enter Lethe with Rerage and Salewood.

Leth. Come gallants, ile bring you to a Beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts, what you see you shall desire, yet neuer enjoy.

Rer. And that's a Villanous torment,

Sale. And is she but your vnder put Master Lethe?

Leth. No more of my credit, and a Gentlewoman of a great house, Noble parentage, vnnatchable Education, my plaine Pung. I may, grace her with the name of a Curtizan, a Back-sider, a Prostitution, or such a Toy, but when all comes to all tis but a plaine Pung, looke you Gentlemen, that's she, behold her.

Curt. Oh my beloved strayer! I consume in thy absence.

Leth. La

Michaelmas Tearme.

Leth. La you now —— you shall not say ile be proud to you Gentlemen, I gue you leaue to salute her, I'me afraide of nothing now, but that she le vterlie disgrace e'm, turne taile to e'm, and place their kisles behinde her, no by my faith, she deceives me, by my troth she's kist am both with her lips: I thanke you for that musick mallers, sli'd they both court her at once, and see if she ha not the wit to stand still and let e'm: I thinke if two men were brewde into one, there is that woman would drink e'm vp both.

Rer. A Cockscombe, he a Courtier.

Curt. He saies he ha's a place there.

Sale. So ha's the Foole a better place then he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

Leth. Nay, heare you me Gentlemen.

Sale. I protest you were the last man we spoke on, we're a little busie yet, pray stay there a while, weeke come to you prently.

Leth. This is good yfaith, indure this and be a slau for e-uer: since you neither sauour of good breeding nor bringing vp, Ile slice your hamstrings but ile make you show man-nerly —— pox on you, leaue courting, I ha not the heart to hurt an Englishman yfaith, or else ——

Sale. What else?

Seth. Prethee lets be merrie, nothing else —— heere, fetch some wine.

Curt. Let my Servant goe for't.

Leth. Your's, which is he?

Sho. This sir, but I scarce like my Mistris now: the loynes can nere be safe where the Flyes be so busie —— Witte by experiance bought foyles wit at Schoole: Who proues a deeper knaue then a Spentfoole, I am gone for your worships wine sir.

Helg. Sir, you put vp too much indignitie, bring company to cut your ownethroat, the fire is not yet so hot, that you neede two Screenes before it, us but new kindled yet, if twere rislen to a flame, I could not blame you then to put o-thers before you, but alasse all the heate yet is comfortable, a cherisher, not a defacer.

Michaelmas Terme.

Leth. Prethe let e'm alone, theile bee ashamed, ont anon I
troe, if they haue any grace in'e'm.

Help. Ide faine haue him quarr' ll, fight, and be assuredly
kild, that I might beg his place; for there's ne're a one voidc
yet.

Enter Shoryard with Easies.

Curt. Youle make him wad anon.

Sale. Tis to that end.

Sho. Yet at last, Master Quomodo is as firme as his promise.

Eas. Did I not tell you still he woud.

Sho. Let me see, I am seauen hundred pound in bond now
to the Rascall.

Eas. Nay y'are no lesse Master Blastfield, looke too't by
my troth, I must needs contelle sir, you ha beene vncom-
monly kind to me, since I ha beene in Towne, but master
Altup shal know on't.

Sho. That's my Ambition sir.

Eas. I beteech you sir.

Stay, this is Lethes haunt, see, we haue catcht him.

Leth. Master Blastfield and Master Easie, y'are kinde

Ge'leemen both. I giveth you my hand.

Sho. Is that the beauty you famde so?

Leth. The same.

Sho. Who be those so industrious about her?

Leth. Rerage and Salewood: lie tell your e'vnmannerly
tricke of e'm, that euer you heardin your life.

Sho. Prethee what's that?

Leth. Ie uited e'm hither to looke vpon her, brought e'm
along with me, gaue e'm leaue to salute her in kindest, w'l at
doe they but most sawcile fall in loue with her, very impu-
dently court her for themselves, and like two crastie Attur-
neyes, finding a hole in my lease, goe about to defcate me of
my right.

Sho. Ha they so little conscience?

Leth. The most vnciuillst part that you haue seene, I know
theile be lorry tor'c when they haue done, for ther's no man
but gives a ligh after his sime of women, I know it by my
selfe.

Sho. You

Michaelmas Terme.

Sho. You parcell of a rude, sawcie and vnmannery nation.

Leth. One good thing in him, heele tell e'm onc roundly.

Sho. Cannot a Gentleman purchase a little fire to thawe his appet te by but must you that haue beene daily sindg'd in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't? how can it app-
pear in you but maliciously, and that you goe about to en-
grosse hell to your selues? heauen forbid, that you should not
suffer a stranger to come in, the Deuill himselfe is not sovn-
mannerly, I doe not thinke but some of them rather will be
wise enough to beg Offices there before you, and keepe
you out, marry all the spite will bee they cannot sell e'm a-
gen.

Eas. Come, are you not too blame—not to giue place?—
To vs I meane—

Leth. A worse and a worse disgrace.

Curt. Nay Gentlemen, you wrong vs both then, stand from
me, I protest ile draw my siluer Bodkin vpon you.

Sho. Clubs, clubs, —— Gentlemen stand vpon your
Guard.

Curt. A Gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then
I perceiue, there would bee no ciuitie in her Chamber else,
though it be my hard tortune to haue my keeper there a cow-
ard, the thing that's kept is a Gentlewoman borne.

Sho. And to conclude a Coward, infallible of your side,
why doe you thinke yfaith I tooke you to be a Coward? do
I thinke youle turne your backe to any man liuing? youle be
whipt first.

Eas. And then indeede she turnes her backe to some man
liuing.

Sho. But that man showes himselfe a Knaue, for he dares
not show his owne face when hee does it, for some of the
common Councill in Henry the eights dayes thought it mo-
destie at that time, that one Vizzard should looke vpon an-
other.

Eas. Twas honestly considered of e'm yfaith.

Enter Mother Gruell.

Sho: How now? what peece of stuffe comes heere?

Leth. Now

Michaelmas Tearme.

Leth. Now some good newes yet to recouer my Repute,
and grace me in this company; Gentlemen, are we friendes
among our selues?

Sho. United.

Leth. Then heere comes Renish to comfirme our Amitie—
Wag-taile, salute them all they are friends.

Curt. Then sauing my quarrell to you all.

Sho. Toe's all.

Curt. Now beshrowe your hearts, and you doe not.

Sho. To swete Master Lethe.

Leth. Let it flow this way deere Master Blastfield, Gentle-
men to you all.

Sho. This Renish wine is like the scowring-sticke to a
Gun, it makes the Barrell cleere: it ha's an excellent vertue, it
keepes all the Sinckes in man and womans bodie sweete in
Iune and Iuly, and to say truth, if Ditches were not cast once
a yeare, and Drabs once a Month, there would be no abiding
i'th Citie.

Leth. Gentleman, ile make you priuie to a letter I sent.

Sho. A letter comes well after priuie, it makes amends.

Leth. There's one Quomodo, a Drapers daughter in town
whom for her happie portion I wealthily affect.

Rer. And not for loue? this makes for me his Riuall, beare
witnesse.

Leth. The Father does elect me for the man,
The Daughter sayes the same.

Sho. Are you not well?

Leth. Yesall but for the mother, shee's my sicknesse.

Sho. Birlady and the Mother is a pestilent, wittull, trouble-
some sicknesse I can tell you, if she light vpon you handom-
lye.

Leth. I finde it so: she for a stranger pleades:
Whose name I ha not learn'd.

Rer. And enenow he cald me by it;

Leth. Now as my letter tolde her, since onely her consent
kept aloofe of, what might I thinke on't, but that she mere-
ly doated vpon me her selfe:

Sho. Very assuredly.

Sale. This

Michaelmas Tearme.

Sale. This makes still for you.

Sho. Did you let it goe so yfaith?

Leib. You may beleue it sir, now what sayes her answere?

Sho: I, her answere.

Gruil. She saies you're a base proud knaue, and like your worship.

Leib. How?

Sho. May, heare out hir answer, or there's no goodnesse in you.

Gruil. You ha forgot she saies in what pickle your worship came vp, and brought two of your friends to giue their words for a sute of greene Kerrie.

Leib. Drudge, peace, or —

Sho. Show your selfe a Gentleman, she had the patience to reade your letter which was as bad as this can be, what will she thinke on't, not heare her answere? speake, good, his drudge.

Gruil. And as for her Daughter, shee hopes sheele be rulde by her in time, and not be carryed away with a cast of Manchets, a bottle of Wine, and a Custard, which once made her Daughter sicke, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

Leib. Gentlemen, i'me all in a sweate.

Sho. That's verie wholsome for your body, nay you must keepe in your armes.

Gruil. Then she demanded of me whether I was your worships Ant or no? *Leib.* Out, out, out, *Gruil.* Alasse said I, I am a poore drudge of his.

Faith and thou wert his Mother (quoth she) heed make thee his Drudge I warrant him —

Marry out vpon him (quoth I) an't like your worship.

Leib. Horror, horror, i'me smother'd, let me goe, torment me not. *Exit,*

Sho. And you loue me, lets follow him Gentlemen,

All. Agreed. *Exeunt.*

Sho. I count a hundred pound well spent to pursue a good iest Master Easie.

Eas. By my troth I begin to beare that minde too.

Michaelmas Terme.

Sho. Well said yfaith, hang money, good iests are worth siluer at all times.

Eas. They'r worth golde Master Blastfield. *Exeunt.*

Curt. Doe you deceiue me so? are you toward marriage yfaith Master Lethes it shall go hard but ile forbid the Banes, ile send a messenger into your bones, another into your purle but ile doo't. *Exit.*

Fath. Thou faire and wicked Creature, sleep in Arte, Beautious and fresh, the soule the fowlest part.

A common Filth, is like a House pollest,
Where if not spoild, youle come out fraide at least,
This seruice likes not me, though I rest poore,
I hate the basest vse to screene a whore.

The humaine strokene made him, he that can
Be Bawde to Woman, neuer leapt from man..

Some monster wunne his Mother,
I wylt my poore childe hether, doubled wrong,
A month and such a mistris were too long,
Yet heere a while in others liues ile see,
How former follyes, did appeare in me.

Exit

Enter Easie with Shortyards Boy.

Eas. Boy:

Boy. A non sir.

(you?

Fals. Where left you Master Blastfield your master, say

Boy. An houre since I lett him in Paules sir—— but
youle not finde him the same man agen next time you meete
him.

Easie. Me thinks I haue noe being without his companie
tis so full of kindenes and delight, I holde him to be the one-
ly Companion in ear' h.

Boy. I, as Companions goe now adaiest that helpe to spend
a mans money.

Eas. So full of nimble wit, various discourse, prægnant ap-
prehension, a dyncommon entertainment, hee might keepe
Company with any Lord for his grace.

Boy. I, with any Lord that were past it.

Eas. And such a good freehearted honest, affable kinde of

Gen.

Michaelmas Terms.

Gentleman: Come Boy a heauincelle will possesse me till I see him.

Exit.

Boy: But youle finde your selfe heauier then, by a feuen hundred pound weight, — Alas poore Birds that cannot keepe the sweete Countrie, where they fly at pleasure, but must needs come to London to haue their wings clipt, and are faine to goe hopping home agen: *Exit.*

Enter Shortyard and Falflight like a Saricant and a Yeoman to arrest Ease.

Sho. So, No man is so impudent to deny that —
Spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into Serjeants: because they are Coosen Germans to spirits, for there's but two kinde of arrests till Doomes-day, the Deuill for the soule, the Serjeant for the body, but afterward the deuill arrests body and soule Serjeant and all, if they be knaues still, and deserue it, now my yeoman Falflight.

Fal. I Attend you good Serjeant Shortyard.

Sho. No more maister Blastfield now — poore Ease hardly be set.

Fal. But how if he shoulde goe to prison, weere in a madde state then, being not Serjeants.

Sho. Neuer let it come neere thy beleefe that heele take prison, or stand out in lawe, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of Master Blastfield, kinde Master Blastfield, worshipfull Master Blastfield — and at the last —

Boy. Master Shortyard, master Falflight.

Sho. The Boy : a warning-piece, — see where he comes.

Enter Ease with the Boy.

Eas. Is not in paules.

Boy. He is not farre off sirs.

Eas. When was his houre layst thou?

Boy. Two sirs.

Eas. Why two ha's strucke.

Boy. No sirs, they are now a striking.

Sho. Master Richard Ease of Essex we arrest you.

Michaelmas Tearnme.

Eas: Ha?

Boy: Alas a Surgeon, hee's hurt ith shoulder.

Sho: Deliuer your weapons quietly sir.

Eas: Why what's the matter?

Sho: Y'are arrested at the suite of Master Quomodo:

Eas: Master Quomodo?

Sho: How strange you make it, you'r a landed Gentleman sir, I know tis but a trifle, a bond of seuen hundred pound.

Eas: La, I know you had mistooke, you should arrest One Master Blastfield, tis his bond, his debt.

Sho: Is not your name there?

Eas: True, for fashions sake.

Sho: Why and tis for fashions sake that we arrest you.

Eas: Nay, and it be no more, I yeelde to that: I know Maister Blastfield will see me take no iniurie as long as i'me in towne, for Master Alsups sake.

Sho: Whose that Sir?

Eas: An honest Gentleman in Essex.

Sho: Oh, in Essex! I thought you had beene in London, where now your busines lyes, honesty from Essex will be a great while a comming sir, you should looke out an honest paire of Citizens.

Eas: Alas sir, I know not where to finde e'm.

Sho: No, ther's enow in Towne.

Eas: I know not one by my troth, I am a meere stranger for these partes, Master Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I know.

Sho: To him then lets set forward:—Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for Master Blastfield.

Eas: Boy—— Alasse the poore boy was frighted away at first.

Sho: Can you blame him sir—— we that daily fray away Kuitights, may fright away Boyes I hope. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quomodo with the Boy.

Quo: Ha? haue him layst thou?

Bo: As sure as——

Quo: The

Michaelmas Tearme.

Quo. The land's mine, that's sure enough boy.
Let me aduance thee knaue, and give thee a kisse,
My plot's so firme I dare it now to misse.
Now shall I be diuulgde a landed man,
Throughout the liuerie:—one points, another whispers,
A third frets inwardly: let him fret and hang,
Especially his enuie I shall haue,
That would be faire, yet cannot be a knaue,
Like an olde leather girt in a furde Gowne,
Whose minde stands stiffe, but his performance downe:
Now come my golden dayes in: ——whither is the wor-
shipfull master Quomodo, and his faire Bedfellow rid forth,
To his land in Essex? whence comes those goodly loade of
Logs? from his land in Essex? where growes this pleasant
fruit, sayes one Citizens wife in the row; at Master Quo-
modos Orchard in Essex; oh,oh, do's it so, I thanke you for
that good newes yfaith,

Boy. Here they come with him sir.

Quo. Grant me patience in my ioyes, that being so great
I run not mad with 'em.

Sho. Bleſſe master Quomodo.

Quo. How now Serjeants? who ha you brought me here,
master Easie? (ſtooke?)

Eas. Why la you now Serjeants, did I not tell you you mi-

Quo. Did you not heare me say, I had rather had master
Blastfield, the more ſufficient man a great deale?

Sho. Verie true sir,—but this Gentleſman lighting into
our hands firſt—

Quo. Why did you ſo ſir?

Sho. Weethought good to make vſe of that oportunitie,
and hold him fast.

Quo. You did well in that I muſt needs ſay, for your owne
ſecuritieſ, but twas not my minde master Easie to haue you
firſt, you muſt needeſ thinkē ſo.

Eas. I dare ſweare that Master Quomodo.

Quo. But ſince you are come to me, I haue no reaſon to re-
fufe you, I ſhould ſhow little manners in that ſir.

Eas. But I hope you ſpake not in that ſence ſir, to impoſe

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the bond vpon mee.

Quo: By my troth that's my meaning sir, you shall finde mee an honest men, you see I meane what I say, is not the day past, the money vntended, you'd ha me liue vprightly master Easie?

Eas: Why sir you know Master Blastfield is the man.

Quo: Why sir, I know master Blastfield is the man, but is he any more then one man? two enter into bond to mee, or I'me fowly coozn'd.

Eas: You know my entrance was but for fashion sake.

Quo: Why, ile agree to you, you'l grant tis the fashion like-
wise when the Bond's due to haue the money paid agen.

Sho: So we told him sir, and that it lay in your worships
curtezie to arrest which you please.

Quo: Marie do's it sir, these fellowes know the law —
beside, you offred your self into Bond to me you know, when
I had no stonake to you, now beshrew your heart for your
labour, I might ha had a good substantiall Citizen, that would
ha paid the summe roundly, altho I thinke you sufficient
enough for seuen hundred pound, beside the forfeiture, I
would be loath to disgrace you so much before Serjeants.

Eas: If you would ha the pacience sir, I doe not think but
master Blastfield is at Carriers to receiue the money:

Quo: He will proue the honeste man then, & you the bet-
ter discharged, I wonder he should breake with mee, t'was ne-
uer his practise, you must not bee angry with mee now, tho
you were somewhat hot when you entred into Bond, you
may easily go in angerly, but you cannot come out so.

Eas: No, the Diuels in't for that.

Sho: Doe you heare sir, a my troth we pittie you, ha you a-
ny store of Crownes about you?

Eas: Faith a poore store, yet they shall be at their seruice
that will striue to doe me good, — we were both drunke last
night, and ne'rethought vpon the bond.

Sho: I must tell you this, you haue fell into the hands of a
most mercilesse deuourer, the verie gul athe citie, should you
offer him mony, Goods or lands now, hee'd rather haue your
bodie in prison, hee's a such a nature. *Eas:* Prison? w're vnd-
don then. *Sho:* Hc's

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Sho. Hee's a such a nature, looke:—Let him owe any man a spite! what's his course: hee will lend him mony to day, a purpose to rest him to morrow.

Eas. Defend me?

Sho. Has at least sixteene at this instant proceeded in both the Counters: some batchleers, some masters, some doctors of captiuitie of 20. years standing, and he desires nothing more then imprisonment.

Eas. Would Master Blastfield would come away.

Sho. I, then things would not bee as they are—what will you say to vs if we procure you two substantiall subside Citizens to baile you spite on's heart, and set you at liberte to finde out master Blastfield:

Eas. Serjeant! here, take all, ile be deare to you, doe but performe it.

Sho. Much:

Fal. Inough sweet Serjeant, I hope I vnderstand thee.

Sho. I loue to preuent the malice of such a rascall, perhaps you might finde master Blastfield to night.

Eas. Why, we lie together man, there's the iest on't;

Sho. Fie,—and youle seeke to secure your baile, because they will be two Cittizens of good account, you must doe that for your credit sake.

Eas. Ile be bound to saue them harmelesse.

Sho. A pox on him, you cut his throte then—no words.

Eas. What's it you require me master Quomodo?

Quo. You know that before this time, I hope sir, present money, or present imprisonment.

Sho. I told you so.

Eas. We nere had money of you.

Quo. You had commoditie, an't please you

Eas. Wel, may I not craue so much liberty vpon my word to seeke out master Blastfield?

Quo. Yes, and you would not laugh at me: wee are sometimes Gulls to Gentlemen, I thanke 'em; but Gentlemen are neuer Gulls to vs, I commend 'em:

Sho. Vnder your leue master Quomodo, the Gentleman craues the furtherance of an houre, and it sorts well with our occasion

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occasion at this time, hauing a little vrgent busines at Guildhall, at which minute weeke returne, and see what agreement is made.

Quo. Nay take him along with you Serjeant:

Eas. I'me vndone then,

Sho. Hee's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your owne disposing, you cannot denie him such a request: beside, he hath a little faith in Ma. Blasfields comming sir.

Quo: Let me not be too long delaide I charge you.

Eas. Not an houre yfaith sir. *Exeunt.*

Quo: O master Easie, of all men living I never dreamt you would ha done me this iniurie: make me wound my credite, faile in my commodities, bring my state into suspition: for the breaking of your day to me, has broken my day to others.

Eas. You tell me of that still, which is no fault of mine master *Quomodo.*

Quo. Oh whats a man but his honestie master Easie, and that's a fault amongst most of vs all, — Marke but this note, Ile giue you good counsell now, — as often as you giue your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, & take the charge on't too: for as the one, the bigger it growes the more cost it requires: so the other the longer it lies the more charges it puts you too, onely heer's the difference, a childe must bee broke, and a bond must not, the more you breake children, the more you keep 'em vnder: but the more you breake bondes, the more theyle leape in your face, and therefore, to conclude, I would never vndertake to bee Gossip to that bond which I would not see well brought vp.

Eas. Say you so sir? — Ile think vpon your counsaile hereafter for't.

Quo: Ah foole, thou shouldest neere ha tasted such witte but that I know tis too late.

Tom. The more I grieue.

Quo: To put all this into the compasse of a little hoop Ring Make this account, come better dayes or worse, So many bonds abroad, so many boyes at nurse.

good medicine for a short memorie: — but since you

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you haue entred so farre, whose children are desperate depts I pray.

Quo: Faith they are like the of-springs of stolne lust, put to the hospital their fathers are not to be found, they are either too far abroad, or too close within, and thus for your memo- ries sake.

The desperate Debter hence derives his name,

One that has neither money, land nor fame,

All that he makes, proue Bastards, and not Bonds,

But such as yours, at first are borne to lands.

Eas: But all that I beget heareaster ile soone disinherit Master Quomodo.

Quo: In the meane time heer's a shrewd knaue will disin- herit you.

Eas: Well, to put you out of all doubt Master Quomodo, ile not trust to your courtezie, I ha sent for bayle.

Quo: How y'au coozened me there yfaith.

Eas: Since the worst comes to the worst, I haue those friends i'th Citie, I hope that will not suffer me to lye for seuen hun- dred pound.

Quo: And you tolde me you had no friends heere at all, how should a man trust you now?

Eas: That was butto trie your Curtesie Master Quomodo?

Quo: How vncconscionably he gulls himself—they mu st be wealthy subsidie-men sir, at least forty pound i'th Kings Bookes I can tell you, that doe such a feate for you.

Enter Shortyard and Falflight, like wealthy Citizens
in Sattin suites.

Eas: Heereth they come, what so ere they are.

Quo: Berlady Aldermans Deputies, I am very sorry for you sir, I cannot refuse such men.

Sho: Are you the Gentleman in distresse?

Eas: None more then my selfe sir.

Quo: He speakes truer then he thinkes, for if he knew, The hearts that owe those faces:—a darke shop's good for somewhat.

Eas: That was all sir.

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Short. And that's enough, for by that meanes you haue made your selfe liable to the Bond, as well as that Base field.

Eas. Blastfield sir.

Sho. Oh crie you mercie, tis Blastfield indeed.

Eas. But ynder both your worships fauours I know where to finde him presently.

Sho. That's all your refuge.

Boy. Newes, good newes Master Easie.

Eas. What boy?

Boy. Master Blastfield, my master has received a thousand pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.

Easie. Happie newes, heare you that Master Quomodo?

Quo. Tis enough for you to heare that, y'are the fortunate man sir.

Eas. Not now I beseech your good worships.

Sho. Gentleman, what's your other name?

Eas. Easie.

Sho. O Master Easie — I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise Master Easie, you should soone perceiue it, ile speake a proud word wee haue pittied more Gentlemen in distresse, then any two Cittizens within the freedome — but to be baile to feuen hundred pound action, is a matter of shroud weight,

Eas. Ile be bound to secure you.

Sho. Tut, what's your bond sir?

Eas. Body, goods, and lands, immediately before Master Quomodo.

Sho. Shall we venture once agen, that haue beene so often yndone by Gentlemen?

Fal. I haue no great stomacke to eate, it will appeare more pittie in vs then wisedome.

Eas. Why should you say so sir?

Sho. I like the Gentleman's face well, he doe's not looke as if he would deceiue vs.

Eas. O not I sir.

Sho. Come weele make a desperate voyage once agen,

Wecle.

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weeletry his honestie, and take his single bond, of body
Goods and lands

Eas: I dearely thanke you sir.

Sho: Master Quomodo?

Quo: Your worshipes.

Shortyard: Wee haue tooke a Course to set your prisoner
free.

Quo: Your worshipes are good baile, you content me.

Sho: Come then, and be a witnesse to a Recullisance.

Quo: With all my heart sir.

Sho: Master Easie, you must haue an especiall care now to
find out that Blastfield.

Eas: I shall haue him at my lodging sir.

Sho: The suite will bee followed against you else, Master
Quomodo will come vpon vs, and forsake you.

Eas: I know that sir.

Sho: Well since I see you haue such a good minde to be hon-
est ile leaue some greater affayres, and sweare with you to
 finde him my selfe.

Eas: Hear then my miserie ends:

A strangers kindenesse oft exceeds a friends:

Exeunt.

Toma: Thou are decei'd thy miserie but begins,

“ To beguile goodnes, is the coare of sins.

My loue is such vnto thee, that I die

As osten as thou drinke st vp iniurie,

Yet haue no meanes to warne thee from't, for he

“ That lowes in Craft, doe's reape in Icalosie:

Rerage: Now the letters made vp and all, it wants but the
print of a seale, and away it goes to Master Quomodo: An-
drew Lethe is well whipt in't, his name stands in a white
sheet heere, and does penance for him.

Sale: You haue shame enough against him, if that be good.

Rer: First as a contempt of that reuerend Ceremony, hee
has in hand, to wit, marriage.

Sale: Why doe you say to wit, marriage, when you know
theres none wil marrie that's wise.

Rer: Had it not more neede then, to haue wit to put too't if
it be growne to a Foily?

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Sale: Y'auc wun, ile giue't you.

Rerage: Tis no thankes now, —— but as I was laying: as a foule contempt to that sacred ceremony, hee most audaciously keepes a Drab in towne, and to be free from the interruption of bleu Beadles, and other bawdy Officers, he most politickly lodges her in a Constables house.

Sale: That's a preetic point yfaith:

Rer: And so the watch that should fetch her out, are her chieffest guard to keepe her in.

Sale: It must needs be, for looke how the Constable playes his Conscience: the watch-men will follow the suite.

Rer: Why well then.

Enter Easie with Shortyardlike a Citizen.

Eas: All night from me? hee's hurt, hee's made away.

Sho: Where shall we seeke him now? you leade me fayre iaunt's sir.

Eas: Pray keepe a little patience sir, I shall finde him at last you shall see.

Sho: A Cittizen of my ease and substance to walke so long afoote.

Eas: You should ha had my horse but that hee ha's eaten out his head sir.

Sho: How would you had me hold him by the tayle sir then

Eas: Manners forbid, tis no part of my meaning sir, —— oh heere's Master Rerage, and Master Salewood, now wee shall heare of him presently: —— Gentlemen both.

Sale: Master Easie, how fare you sir?

Eas: Very well in health, did you see Master Blastfield this morning?

Sale: I was about to moue it to you.

Rer: We were all three in a minde then?

Sale: I ha not set eye on him these two daies.

Rer: I wonder he keepes so long from vs yfaith.

Eas: I begin to be sickle.

Sale: Why, what's the matter?

Eas: Nothing in troth, but a great desire I had to haue seene him.

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Rer: I wonder you shold misse on't lately, you'r his bedfellow

Eas: I lay alone to night yfaith,—I doe not know how, O
here comes master Lethe, he can dispatch me: Master Lethe.

Leth: What's your name sir?—O crie you mercie master
Easie.

Eas: When parted you from master Blastfield sir?

Leth: Blastfield's an Asse, I haue sought him these two
dayes to beate him.

Eas: Your selfe all alone sir?

Leth: I, and three more.—

Exit.

Sho: I am glad, I am where I am then, I perceiue twas time
of all hands.

Rer: Content yfaith, let's trace him. *Exeunt after Lethe.*

Sho: What haue you found him yet? neither? what's to bee
done now? ile ventur my bodie no further for any Gentle-
mans pleasure, I know not how soone I may be cald vpon
and now to ouer-heate my selfe—

Eas: I me vndone.

Sho: This is you that slept with him, you can make fooles
of vs, but ile turne you ouer to Quomodo for't..

Eas: Good sir.

Sho: Ile preuent mine owne danger.

Eas: I beseech you sir.

Sho: Tho I loue Gentlemen well, I doe not meane to bee
vndone for'em.

Eas: Pray sir, let me request you sir, sweete sir, I beseech
you sir. *Exeunt.*

Musick.

Finis Actus tertius.

Incipit quartus.

*Enter Quomodo, his disguised spirit, after whom Easie
followes hard.*

Sho: Made fooles of vs! not to be found!

Quo: What, what?

Eas: Doe not vndoe me quite tho' Master Quomodo.

Quo: Y'are very welcome master Easie, I haue nothing to say
to you, ile not touch you, you may goe when you please,—
I haue good baile here I thankē their worships.

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Eas. What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

Sho. Gentlemen, S'lid they were borne to vndo vs I think, but for my part, Ile make an oath before Maister Quomodo here, nere to doe Gentlemen Good while I liue.

Fals. Ile not be long behind you.

Sho. A way, if you had any grace in you, you would bee ashamed to looke vs with face ywis, I wonder what with crowe you can come amongst vs, I should seeke my fortunes far enough if I were you, and neither returne to Eiseх, to bee a shame to my predecessors, nor remaine about London, to be a mocke to my successors:

Quo. Subtle Shortyard!

Sho. Here are his lands forseyted to vs Maister Quomodo, and to auoyd the unconscionable trouble of law, all the assurance he made to vs, we willingly resigne to you.

Quo. What shall I due with Rubbish, giue me money?

Tis for your worshipes to haue land, that keepe great houses, I should be hoysted.

Sho. But Maister Quomodo, if you would but conceiue it aright, the land would tall fitter to you then to vs.

Eas. Curtzing about my land.

Sho. You haue a towardly sonne and heyre as we heare.

Quo. I must needs say, he is a Templer indeed.

Sho. We haue neither posteritie in Towne nor hope for any abroad; we haue wiues, but the markes haue beene out of their mouthes these twentie yeares, and as it appeares, they did little good when they were in: wee could not stand about it sw, to get riches and children too, tis more then one man can doe. And I am of those Citizens mindes that say, let our wiues make shitt for children and they will, they get none of vs; and I cannot thinke, but he that has both much wealth and many children, has had more helpes comming in then himselfe.

Quo. I am not a Bowe wide of your minde sir, —
And for the the thristie and covetous hopes I haue in my sonne and heyre Sim Quomodo, that he will never trust his land in Waxe & Parchment as many Gentlemen haue done before him.

Eas. A

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Eas: A by-blow for me.

Quo: I will honestly discharge you, and receive it in due forme and order of law, to strengthen it for euer to my son and heyre, that he may vndoubtedly enter vpon't without the let or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoeuer.

Sho: Tis so assurde vnto you.

Quo: Why then master Easie y'are a freeman sir, you may deale in what you p'lease, and go whether you will. Why Tomazin, master Easie is come from Essex, bid him welcome in a cup of small Beare.

Toma: Not onely vilde, but in it tyrannous.

Quo: If it please you sir, you know the house, you may visite vs often, and dine with vs once a quarter.

Eas: Confusion light on you, your wealth and heyre, Worme gnaw your conscience, as the moth your ware, I am not the first heyre that rob'd, or beg'd:

Exit:

Quo: Excellent, excellent, sweet Spirits.

Sho: Landed Mather Quomodo.

Quo: Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falslight, Hug and away, shifte, shifte.

Tis slight, not strength that giues the greatest list.

Now my desires are full —— for this time,

Men may haue Cormorant wishes, but alas

A little thing three hundred pound a yea're,

Suffices nature, keepes life and soule together,

Ile haue'em lopt immediately.

I long to warme my selfe by'th wood, —— A fine iour-
ney in the Whitsun-holydayes yfaith, to ride downe with
a number of Citizens, and their wiues, some vpon pillion's,
some vpon Side-'addles, I and little Tomazin ith middle, our
son and heire Sim Quomodo in a peach colour Taffata lac-
ket, some hors length, or a long yard before vs, there will bee
a fine shew on's I can tell you, where we Citizens will laugh,
and lie downe, get all our wiues with child against a bank, and
get vp againe, — stay, ha hast thou that witty faith, twill be ad-
mirable, to see how the very thought of greeen fieldes puts a
man into sweete inuention's. I will presently possesse Sim

Quomodo,

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Naomodo of all the land, I haue a toy and ile doo't: and because I see before mine eies that most of our heires proue notorious Rioters after our deaths, and that cousonage in the farther wheeles about to follie in the sonne, our posteritie commonly foylde at the same weapon, at which we plaide rarely. And being the worlds beaten worde, what's got ouer the Diuels backe (that's by knauerie) must be spent vnder his bellie, (that's by lechery) being awake in these knowings, why should not I opp' se 'em now, and breake destrie of her custom, preuenting that by pollicie, which without it must needes be Destrie: and I haue tooke the course, I will forthwith sicken, call for my keyes, make my Will, and dispose of all, giue my sonnet his blessing, that hee trust no man, keepe his hand from a queane, and a Scrivener, liue in his fathers faith, and doe good to no bodie: then will I begin to rauue like a fellow of a wide conscience, and for all the world counterfeit to the life, that which I know I shall doe when I die, take on for my golde, my landes, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call vpon the Diuell, and so make an ende. by this time I haue indented with a couple of searchers, who to vphold my deuice shall fray them out a'th Chamber with report of sicknesse, and so la, I start vp, and recouer agen: for in this businesse I will trust, no not my spirits Falflight & Shortyard, but in disguise note the condition of al, how pittifull my wife takes my death, which wil appeare by Nouember in her eye, and the fall of the leafe in her body, but especially by the colt she bestows vpon my funeral; there shall I trie her loue and regard, my daughters marrying to my will and liking, and my sonnes affection after my disposing: for to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease. Exit.

Enter Curtezan with her disguised father.

Fath: Tho I be poore, tis my glorie to liue honest:

Curt: I prethee doe not leaue me.

Fath: To be bawde.

Hell has not luch an office,
I thought at first your minde had beene preseru'd,
In vertue and in modestie of bloud.

That

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that such a face had not beeene made to please the vnsetled
A'petites of seuerall men,
Those eyes turn'd vp through prayer, not through lust,
But you are wicked, and my thoughts vniust.

Curt: Why thou art an vnireasonable fellow y faith, doe
not al Trades liue by their ware, and yet cald honest Liuers?
doe they not thrue best, when they vtter most, and make it
away by the great? is not hole-sale the chieflor marchandize?
doe you thinke some Merchants could keepe their wiues so
braue but for their hole-sale? you'r fowly deceiu'd and you
thinke so.

Fath. You are so glewde to punishment and shame,
Your words ec'n deferue whipping — — — to beart the ha-
bit of a Gentlewoman, and be in minde so dilltant.

Curt. Why you foole you, are not Gentlewomen Sinners?
and there's no coragious Sinner amongst vs, but was a Gen-
tlewoman by the M others side I warrant you: besides, wee
are not alwaies bound to thinke those our fathers that marrie
our Mothers, but those that lye with our M others, and they
may be Gentlemen borne & born agen for ought we know,
you know.

Fath: True: corruption may well be Generations first,
“ Wee're bad by nature, but by custome worst: *Exeunt.*

A Bell Toales, a Confused crye within.

Toma: Oh my Husband.

Sim: My Father, O my Father.

Falst: My sweete Master, dead!

Enter Shortyard and the Boy.

Sho: Runne boy, bid' em ring out, hee's dead, hee's gone.

Boy: Then is as arrant a knaue gone, as ere was cal'd vpon.

Sho: The happiest good that euer Shortyard felte,

I want to be exprest, my mirth is such,

To bee struck now eene when his ioyes were hye,

Men onely kisse their knaue ries, and so dye,

Iu'e often markt it.

He was a famous Coozner while he liu'd,

And now his Sonne shall reapre it, ile ha the lands,

Let him Study law after, tis no labour

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to vndoe him for euer: but for Easie,
Onely good confidence did make him foolish,
And not the lack of Sence, that was not it,
Tis worldly craft beates downe a Schollars wit;
For this our Sonne and heyre now,hee
From his conception was entayld an Asse,
And hee ha's kept it well, twentie fve yeares now,
Then the sleightest art will doo't, the landes lye faire,
No Sinne to begger a deceiuers heyre. Exit.

*Enter Tomazis with Winefride her maide
in haste.*

Toma: Heere Winefride, heere, heere, heere, I haue alwaies
found thee secret.

Win. You shall alwaies finde me so Mistris.

Toma: Take this letter and this Ring.

Win: Yes forsooth.

Toma: Oh how all the parts about me shake, — enquire
for one Master Easic at his olde lodgynge ith the Blackfry-
ers.

Win. I will indeed forsooth.

Toma: Tell him the partie that sent him a hundred pound
together to day comfort his heart, ha's likewise sent him this
Letter and this Ring, which has that vertue to recouer him
agen for euer say — — — name no body Winefride.

Win. Not so much as you forsooth.

Toma: Good Girle, thou shalt haue a mourning Gowne at
the buryall of mine honestie.

Win. And ile effect, your will a my Fidelitie. Exit.

Toma: I doe account my selfe the happy est widdowe that
euer counterfeited weeping, in that I haue the leature now
both to doe the Gentleman good, and doe my selfe a plea-
sure, but I must sceme like a hanging Moone a little waterish
a while.

Enter Rerrage, Curtezans Fasher following.

Rer. I enteraine both thee and thy Deuice,
Twill put e'm both to shame.

Fash. That is my hopesir,
Especially that strumper.

Rer: Sause

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Rer: Saue you sweete widdowe,
I suffer for your heatinesse.

Toma. O Master Rerage, I haue lost the dearest husband
that euer woman did injoy.

Rer: You must haue patience yet.

Toma. Oh talke not to me of patience and you loue mee,
good Master Rerage.

Rer: Yet if all tonges goe right,hee did not vse you so wel
aa a man mought.

Toma. Nay, that's true indeed Master Rerage, he nere vse
me so well as a woman might haue beene vsde, that's certain
in troth ta's beene our greatest talling out sir, and though it
be the part of a widdowe, to shew her selfe a woman for her
Husbands death, yet when I remember all his vnkindnesse, I
cannot weepe a stroake yfaith Master Rerage, and therefore
wistly did a great widdow in this land, comfort vp ano-
ther, goe too Lady (quoth she) leaue blubbering, thou thin-
kest vpon thy husbands good parts when thou sheddest
teares, doe but remember how often he ha's laine from thee,
and how many naughtie slipperie turnes he has done thee, &
thou wile nere weepe for him I warrant thec—you would
not thinke how that counsell ha's wrought with mee Master
Rerage, I could not dispend another teare now, and you
would give me nere so much.

Rer: Why I count you the wiser Widdowe, it shewes you
haue wisdome, when you can checke your passion for mine
owne part, I haue no fence to sorrow for his death, whose
life was the onely Rub to my affection.

Toma. Troth and so it was to mine, but take courage now,
your'e a Landed Gentleman, and my Daughter is seuen hun-
dred pound strong to ioyne with you.

Rer: But Lethes 'th way.

Toma: Let him lye still,
You shall tra'le ore him or ile faile in will.

Rer: Sweete widdowe.

Exeunt.

-Enter Quomodo like a Beadles

Quo. What a belou'd man did I liue? my Seruants gal their
fingers with singing, my wiues checks smart with weeping,

Michaelmas Terme.

stand in euerie corner, you my take water in my house—
but am not I a wise foole now? what if my wife should take
my death so to heart, that shee should sicken vpon't, nay
swone, nay dye? when did I heare of a woman doe so, let mee
see, —— Now I remember me, I thinke twas before my
Time; yes, I haue heard of those wiues that haue wept, and
sobd, and swound—marry I never heard but they receuerned
agen, that's a cōfōrt la, that's a comfort & I hope so will mine
— peace, tis nere vpon the time, I see, here comes the
worshipful liuerie, I haue the Hospital Boyes, I perceiue little
Tomazin will bestow cost of me, —— He listen to the com-
mon censure now, how the world tongues me when my care
lyes lowe.

Enter the Liuerie:

1. *Line*: Who Quomodo? merely enricht by shiffts,
And coufanages, beleue it.

Quo: I see the world is very loath to pra se me,
Tis Rawlye friends with me, I cannot blame it,
For what I haue done, has beene to vexe and shame it,
Heere comes my Sonne, the hope, the landed heyre,
One whose rare thrifit, will say mens tongues you lye,
Ile keepe by law what was got craftily.

Me thinkes I haere him say so:
He does salute the Liuerie with good grace,
And solemnne Gesture—

Bead: oh my yong Worshipful M. you haue parted from
a deere Father, a wile and prouident father.

Sim: Art thou growne an Asse now?

Bead: Such an honest Father—

Sim: P̄e thee Beadle leaue thy lying, I am scarce able to
endure thee yfaith, what honesty didst thou ere know by my
Father? speake, rule your tongue Beadle lest I make you
proue it, and then I know what will become of you, tis
the scuryelst thing i'th earth to belye the dead so, and hee's
a beastly Sonne and heyre that wil stand by, and heare his fa-
ther belyed to his face, hee will nere prosper I warrant him,
Troth if I be not ashamed to go to Church with him, I would
I might be hang'd, I haere such filthy Tales goe on him, oh
if

Michaelmas Terme.

if I had knowne hee had beeene such a lewde fellow in his life
he should never haue kept me compeny.

Quo: Oh——o——o!

Sim: But I am glad hee's gone, tho twere long first Short-
yard and I will reuell it yfaith, I haue made him my Rentga-
therer alreadie.

Quo: Hee shall be speedily disinherited, hee gettes not a
foot, not the Crowne of a Mole-hill, ile sooner make a cour-
tyer my heyre for teaching my wife trickes then thee, my
most neglectfull Sonne? Oh now the coarse, I shall obserue
yet farder.

*A counterfet Coarse brought in, Tomazin, and all the
mourners equally counterfet.*

Quo: O my most modest, vertuous and remembryng wife,
she shall haue all when I dye, she shall haue all.

Enter Easie.

Tom: Master Easie? tis, oh what shifft shall I make now?
oh—— *Falls downe in a fayned swound.*

Quo: Sweete wife she sownes, ile let her alone, ile haue no
mercy at this time, ile not see her, ile follow the coarse. *Exit.*

Eas: The Deuill grinde thy Bones, thou coufning Ras-
call.

Moth. Giue her a little more ayre, tilt vp her head, comfort
thy selfe good widdowe, doe not fall like a Beast for a hus-
band there's more then we can well tell where to put e'm,
good soule.

Toma. Oh, I shall be well anon.

Moth. Fye, you haue no patience yfaith, I haue buried four
Husbands, and never offred e'm such abuse.

Toma. Couzen, how doe you?

Eas. Sorry to see you ill Couze.

Toma. The worst is past I hope. *Pointing after the Coffin.*

Eas. I hope so to. *(you*

Toma Lend me your hand sweete Couze, I haue troubled

Moth: No trouble indeed forlooth—Good Couzen haue
a care of her, comfort her vp as much as you can and all little
ynough I warrantee.

Exeunt.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Toma. My most sweete loue.

Eas. My life is not so deere.

Toma. I haue alwaies pittied you.

Eas. Y'au shoune it heere.

And giuen the desperate hope?

Toma. Delay not now, y'au understood my loue, I haue a priest ready, this is the fittest season, no eye offends vs, Let this kisse

Restore thee to more wealth, me to more blisse.

Eas. The Angels haue prouided for me.

Finis. Actus Quartus.

Incipit Quintus et Ultimus.

*Enter Shortyard with writings, hauing confusd Sim
Quomodo.*

Sho. I haue not Scope ynochough within my brest,
To keepe my ioyes containide: I'me Quomodoes
heire: the Lands assurances, and all are mine
(I haue tript his Sonnes heeles vp) aboue the ground,
His father left him: had I not encouragement?
Dō not I know what proues the Fathers pray?
The Sonne nere lookes on't, but it melts away.
Doe not I know the wealth that's got by fraude?
Slaves share it like the riches of a Bawde.
Why tis a curse vnquenchable, nere cooles.
Knaues still commit their consciences to fooles:
And they betray who o'wde em, heeres all the bonds,
All Easies writings, let me see:

Enter Quomodoes Wife married to Easie.

Toma. Now my desires weare crownes.

Easie. My ioyes exceede,
Man is neere healthfull, till his follyes bleede.

Toma. Oh, behold the Villaine, who in all those shapes
Confounded your estate:

Easie. That slave, that villaine.

Sho. So many Acres of good meadowe———

Eas. Rascall. *Sho.* I heare you sir.

Eas. Rogue, Shortyard, Blastfield, Serjeant, Deputy, couner
Sho. Hold,

Michaelmas Tearme.

Sho. Holde, holde.

Eas. I thirft the execution of his eares.

Toma. Hate you that office,

Eas. Ile strip him bare for punishment and shame.

Sho. Why doe but heare me sir, you will not think what I haue done for you.

Eas. Giuen his Sonne my Lands.

Sho. Why looke you, tis not so, your not tolde true,

I haue Coosned him agen meerely for you,

Meerely for you sir, twas my meaning then

That you should wed her, and haue all agen.

A my troth its true sir: looke you then heere sir, you shall not misse a little scrowle sir, pray sir, let not the Cittie know me for a knaue, there be richer men would enuie my preferment if I should be knowne before e'm.

Eas. Villaine, my hate to more reuenge is drawne,

When flaues are found, tis their base Arte to fawne,

Within there ——

Sho. How now? fresh warders.

Eas. This is the other, binde him fast, haue I found you Master Blastfield.

Sho. This is the fruite of Craft,

Like him that shoothes vp hye, lookest for the shaft,

And findes it in his fore head, so does hit

The Arrowe of our fate, wit destroyes wit:

The head the bodyes bane, and his owne beares,

You haue Corne enough, you neede not reape mine eares,

Sweete Master Blastfield.

Eas. I loath his voice, away. *Exit.* (haue all)

Toma. What happy neif was heere, but are you sure you

Eas. I hope so my sweete wife.

Toma. What difference there is in Husbands, not onely in one thing, but in all.

Eas. Heeres good deedes and bad deedes, the writings that keepe my lands to me, and the bonds that gaue it away from me.

These my good deedes shall to more safetie turne,

And these my bad haue their delarts and burns.

Michaelmas Terme.

Ile see thee agen preſently, reade there:

Toma: Did he want all, who would not loue his care?

Enter Quomodo.

Quo: What a wife haſt thou Epheslian—Quomodo, ſo louing, ſo mindefull of her duety, not onely ſcene to weepe but knowne to ſwone, I knew a Widdow about Saint Antlings ſo forgetfull of hir firſt Husband, that ſhe married agen within the twelue moneth, nay ſome berlady within the moneth: there were ſights to be ſcene, had they my wiues true ſorrows ſeven nor ſeven yeareſ would drawe e'm to the ſtake, I would moſt tradefmen haſt ſuch a wife as I, they hope they haue, we muſt all hope the beſt: thus in her honour.

A moideſt wife is ſuſh a lewell,
Euerie Gold-smith cannot ſhow it:
He that's honeſt, and not cruell,
Iſ the likelielſt man to owe it.

And that's I, I made it by my ſelfe, and comming to her as a Beadle for my reward this morning, ile ſee how ſhee takes my death next her heart.

Toma: Now Beadle.

Quo: Bleſſe your miſtris ſhips eyes from too many teareſ, Although you haue loſt a wife and worſhipfull Gentleman.

Toma: You come for your due Beadle, heere 'ith house.

Quo: Moſt certaine, the Hopitall money and mine owne poore forty pence.

Toma: I muſt craue a diſcharge from you Beadle.

Quo: Call your man, ile heartily ſet my hand to a Memo- randum.

Toma: You deale the truelyer.

Quo: Good wench ſtill.

Toma: George, heere is the Beadle come for his mony, draw a Memorandum that he haſt received all his due he can claim heere ith house after this funeral.

Quo: What politick direcſions ſhee giues him, all to ſecure her ſelfe, tis time yfaith now to pitty her, ile diſcouer my ſelfe to her ere I goe, but came it off with ſome lively ielſt now, that were admirablie: I haue it? after the memorandum is written and all, ile ſet my owne name too't Epheslian Quomodo, ſhe

Michaelmas Tearme.

sheele start: sheele wonder how Ephest. Quomodo came hither that was buried yesterday : y'are beset little Quomodo.

Toma: Nintene, twentie five pound, 1, 2, 3, & 4. d.

Quo: So, we shall haue good sport, when tis read :

Eas: How now Lady, paying away money so fast ?

Toma: The Beadles due here sir

Quo: Who's this Easie, what makes Easie in my house,
He is not my wiues ouerseer I hope:

Eas: Whats here ?

Quo: He makes me sweate.

Eas: Memorandum that I haue receiued of Richard Easie,
all my due I can elaine here i'th house or any hereafter for
me : In witnessse whereof, I haue set to mine owne hand,

Ephestian Quomodo.

Quo: What haue I done? was I mad ?

Eas: Ephestian Quomodo.

Quo: I, well, what then sir? get you out of my house,
First you master Prodigali had land, away.

Toma: What is the Beadle drunke or mad ?

Where are my men to thrust him out a doores:

Quo: Not so good Tomazin not so.

Toma: This fellow must be whipt.

Quo: Thanke you good wife.

Eas: I can no longer beare him.

Toma: Nay sweete husband.

Quo: Husband I'me vndone, beggard, couzened, confoun-
ded for euer: married already ? will it please you know mee
now mistris Harlot, and Master Horner, who am I now ?

Toma: Oh, hee's as like my tother husband as can be.

Quo: Ile haue iudgement, ile bring you before a Judge, you
shall feele wife whether my flesh be dead or no, ile tickle you
yfaith, yfaith.

Exit.

Toma: The Judge that heele solicite knowes me well,

Eas: Lets on then, and our greeuances first tell. *Enter Leth*

Enter Leth with officers, taken with his Harlot:

Rer. Here they come.

Sus. O where.

Leth. Hart of shame, vpō my wedding morning so disgrac'd !

Michaelmas Terme.

Hau you so little conscience Officers,
You wil not take a bribe.

Cur. Master Lethe we may lie together lawfully hereafter,
for we are coupled together before people ynow yfaith.

Rer. There goes the strumpet.

Sus. Pardon my wilfull blindnesse and enjoy me:
For now the difference appeares too plaine,
Betwixt a base slauie and a true Gentleman.

Rer. I doe embrace thee in the best of loue,
How soone affections faile, how soone they proue:

Enter Judge, Ease, and Tomazin in talke with him.

Jud. His coushages are odious, he the plaintiff,
Not only framde deceitfull in his life,
But so to mocke his funerall.

Eas. Most iust.

The Liuerie all assembled, mourning weedes,
Throughout his house een downe to his last seruant
The Heralde richly hirde to lend him Armes,
Faind from his Auncestors, which I dare swaere knew no
other Armes but those they labour'd with,
All' preparations furnisht, nothing wanted
Saue that which was the cause of all, his death,
If he be liuing.

Judg. Twas an impious part.

Eas. We are not certaine yet it is himselfe,
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,
And seekes still to deceiue me.

Quo. Oh are you come? my Lord, they're here, good morrow
Tomazin.

Judg. Now what are you?

Quo. I am Quomodo, my Lord, and this my wife,
Those my two men, that are bound wrongfully;

Judge. How are we sure y'are he?

Quo. Oh you cannot misle my Lord.

Judg. Ile trie you.

Are you the man that liu'd the famous coufner?

Quo. O no my Lord.

Judg. Did you deceiue this Gentleman of his right,

And

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And laid Nets ore his land?

Quo. Not I my Lord.

Indg. Then y'ar not Quomodo but a counterfet,
Lay hands on him, and beare him to the whip.

Quo. Stay, stay a little pray, now I remember me my Lord
I coustned him indeed, tis wondrous true.

Indg. Then I dare sweare this is no counterfet,
Let all doubts cease, this man is Quomodo.

Quo. Why la you now, you would not beleue this, I am
found what I am.

Indg. But setting these thy odious shifts apart,
Why did that thought prophane enter thy brest,
To mocke the world with thy supposed death?

Quo. Conceiue you not that my Lord'a policy.

Indg. So.

Quo. For hauing gotten the lands, I thirsted still,
To know what fate would follow 'em:

Indg. Being ill got.

Quo. Your Lordship apprehends me:

Indg. I thinkel I shall anone.

Quo. And thereupon,
I out of policie possest my sonne,
Which since I haue found lewd, and now intend
To disinherit him for euer.
Not onely this was in my death set downe,
But thereby a firme triall of my wife,
Her constant sorrowes, her rememb'ring vertues,
All which are Dewes, the shine of a next morning dries 'em,
Yp all I see it.

Indg. Did you professle wise couisenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two dayes choice,
When oft a minute do's it?

Quo. Lette, a moment,
The twinckling of an eye, a glimpe, scarce somthing do's it,
Your Lordship yet will graunt she is my wife.

Toma. O heauen!

Indg. After some penance, and the Ducs of law
I must acknowledge that.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Quo. I scarce like
Those Dues of law.

Eas. My Lord, altho the law too gently let his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot chalenge.

Quo. How?

Eas. Behold his hand against it.

Quo. He do's deuize all meanes to make mee mad, that I
may no more lie with my wife in perfect memorie, I know't
but yet the lands will maintaine me in my wits: the land will
dee so much for me.

Judg. In witnesse whereof I haue set to mine owne hand,
Ephestian Quomodo.

Tis firme enough your owne sir:

Quo. A iest my Lord, I did I know not what.

Jud. It should seeme so, deceit is her owne foc
Craftily gets, and childishly lets goe,
But yet the lands are his.

Quo. I warrant yee.

Eas. No my good Lord, the lands know the right heire,
I am their master once more.

Quo. Haue you the land?

Eas. Yes truly I praise heauen.

Quo. Is this good dealing? are there such consciences a-
broad, how? which way could he come by 'em?

Sho. My Lord ile quickly resolute you, that it comes to me
This couner whom too long I call'd my patron,
To my thought dying, and the foole his sonne
Possest of all, which my braine partly sweat for,
I held it my best vertue, by a plot
To get from him what from him was ill got.

Quo. O beastly Shortyard!

Sho. When no sooner mine,
But I was glad more quickly to resigne.

Jud. Craft once discouer'd shewes her abiect line.

Quo. He hits me euery where, for craft once knowne,
Do's teach fooles wit; leaues the deceiuer none,
My deedes haue cleft me, cleft me.

Michaelmas Tearme.

Enter Officers with Lethe and the Harlot.

I. Off. Roome there.

Quo. A little yet to raise my spirit.

Here master Lethe comes to wed my Daughter.

That's all the ioy is left me : ha? who's this?

Judge. What crimes haue those brought foorth?

Gent. The shame of lust,

Most viciously on this his wedding morning,

This man was ceazde in shame with that boilde Strumpet.

Judge. Why, tis she he meanes to marrye.

Leth. No in truth.

Judge: In truth you doe.

Who for his wife his Harlot doth preferre,

Good reason tis, that he should marrie her.

Curt. I craue it on my knees, such was his vowe at first,

Faud. Ile say so too

And worke out mine owne safetie,

Such was his vowe at first, indeede my Lord,

How ere his moode has chang'd him?

Leth: O vilde slau'e !

Curt. He sayes it true my Lord,

Judge. Rest content,

He shall both marrie and taste punishment.

Leth. Oh intollerable !

I beseech your good Lordship if I must haue an outward pu-
nishment, let me not marrie an inward, whose lashes wil nere
out, but grow worse and worse : I haue a wife staines for
me this morning with seuen hundred 'pound in her purse,
let me be speedily whipt and be gone, I beseech your Lord-
ship.

Gent. Hee speaks no truth my Lord, behold the Virgin,
Wife to a wel esteemeed Gentleman,
Loathing the Sin he followes.

Leth. I was betrayed, yes faith.

Rer: His owne Mother my Lord,
Which he confess through ignorance, and disdaine,
His name so chang'd to abuse the world and her.

Leth. Marry a Harlot, why not? tis an honest mans fortune

Michaelmas Terme.

I pray did not one of my Countriemen marry my Sister? why well then, if none should be marryed but those that are honest, where should a man seeke a wife after Christmas? I pitty that Gentleman, that has nine Daughters to bestowe, and seuen of e'm Seeded already, they will be good stuffe by that time, I doe beseech your Lordship to remoue the punishment, I am content to marrie her.

Judge. There's no remouing of your punishment.

Leth. O good my Lord.

Judge. Vnlesse one heere assembled, (don:) Whom you haue most vnnaturally abusde, beget your par-

Leth. Who should that be?

Or who would doote, that has beene so abusde?

A trouble some pittance — sir.

Quo. Knaue in your face, leaue your mocking, Andrew, marrie your Qeane and be quiet.

Leth. Master Easie.

Easf. I me sorrie you take such a bad course sir.

Leth. Mistris Quomodo.

Toma. Enquire my right name agen next time, now goe your waies like an Aise as you came:

Leth. Masse I forger my mother all this while, Ile make her doo't at first, pray mother your blessing for once.

Moth. Calst me Mother? out, I defie thee slau.

Leth. Call me slau as much as you will, but doe not shame me now, let the world know you are my Mother.

Moth. Let me not haue this Villaine put vpon me I beseech your Lordship.

Judge. Hee's iustly curst, she loathes to know him now, Whom he before did as much loath to know, Wilt thou beleeue me woman?

Moth. That's soone done:

Judg. Then know him for a Villaine, tis thy Sonne,

Moth. Art thou *Andrew*, my wicked Sonne *Andrew*?

Leth. You would not beleeue me Mother.

Moth. How art thou chang'd?

Is this suite fit for thee? a Tooth-drawers Sonne,

this

Michaelmas Terme.

this countrie has ee'ne spoild thee since thou camſt hither,
thy manners better then thy cloathes, but now whole cloa-
thes, and ragged manners, it may well be laid that truth goes
naked, for when thou hadſt scarce a shirt thou hadſt more
truth about thee.

Indg. Thou art thine owne affliction Quomodo:
Shortyard we banish, tis our pleasure.
Sho. Hence foorth no woman shall complaine for measure:
Indg. And that all Error from our workes may stand,
We bannish Falſlight euermore the land.

FINIS.
